Certayne Psalmes select out of the Psalter of David, and drawen into Englyshe Metre, with Notes to euery Psalme in iiij. parts to Synge, by Hum: F. & S. Dyson

Imprinted at London by vvyllyam Seres, at the sygne of the Hedge Hogge.

1553.

¶ To the ryght honorable, lorde Russell, your lordeshypps humble orator, Francys Seagar, wyssheth the fauoure of God, increase of honoure, longe lyfe, and prosperous health of bodye and soule.

When I had these psalms finished
And into Metre brought:
To whom I myght, thē dedicate
I straygh then me bethought.

Amongst all other, youre good lordeshyp
Came then into my mynde:
As one that in, a greate number
I coulde not meter fynde.

To whom I myght, them dedycate
And it gyue and present:
Trusting that your, lordshyp therwyth
Wyll not be dyscontent.

And parteiy knowing, your good lordshyp
In such thinges to delyte:
As vertuous songes, and ghostly psalms
As here we shall recyte.

The Epistle.

Although good Lord, I am not worthy
For my degre and state:
Unto the hands, of your lordeshyppe
These for to dedycate.

Yet for as much, as they were sure
The doinges, of a Kynge:
Dauid the same, whom god doth name
A man hys harte lykinge.

The same ý on, your lordeshyppe bruyts
Dyd much incorage me:
Which fame to tell, dyd feare expell
And boulder made me be.

Here for to stande, in praylinge your
Good lordeshyppe to your face:
It myght seame rather, flatterye
Waying the tyme and place.

Which prayse I thought, here best to couer
Wyth the vele of sylence:
Then it to vtter, now out of tyme
In your lordeshyps presence.

But yf your lordeshype, shall it accept
And take them in good parte:
I shall thinke, it reward e ynoughe
For my payne and desarte.

And yf it wouldde, your lordeshyp please
Wyth the texte them conferre:
You shoulde therby, then soone perceaue
From it yf that I erre.

But where the text, in some places
Was doubtfull and obscure:
I haue sought helpe, of learned books
Because I wouldde be sure.

I wyll no lenger, your lordeshype lette
From readinge of the same:
Whych here is done, to Gods honour
And the prayse of hys name.

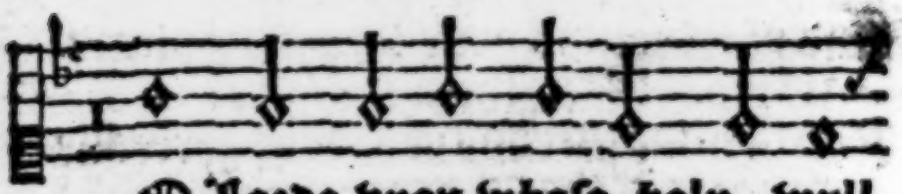
Beseching God, your lordeshyppe kepe
And in honoure increace:
Wyth the good lady, your verteous wyfe
Longe here to lyue in peace.

Your lordeshyps humble orator
Francys Seager.

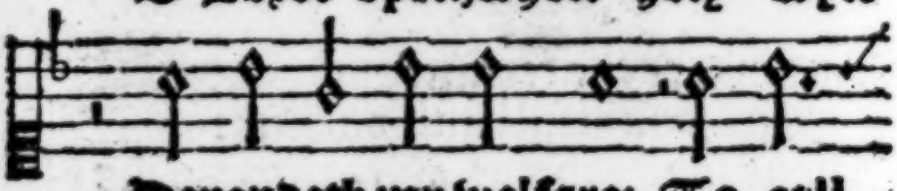
The troubled mynde, at the Lords hande
Dothe seake to haue relefe:
Callinge to him, hys ayde to sende
Shevvinge hys payne and grefe.

Psalme lxxxviii.

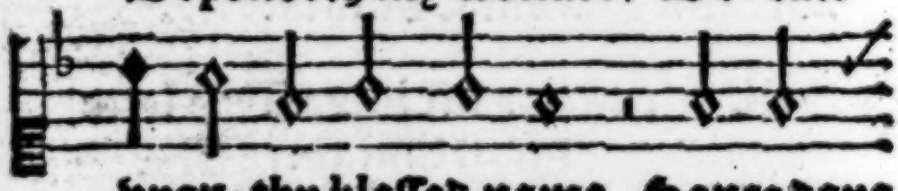
Domine deus salutis mee.



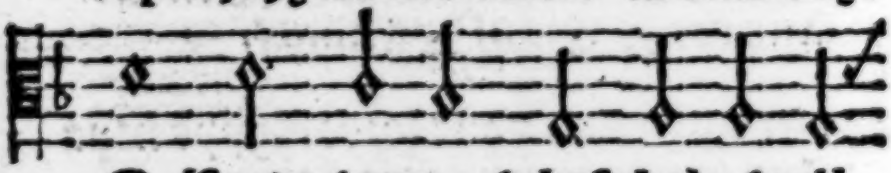
O Lorde vpon, whose holy wyll



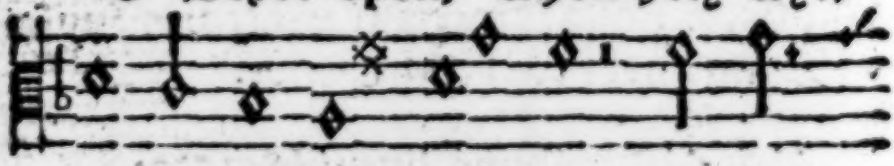
Dependeth my welfare: To call



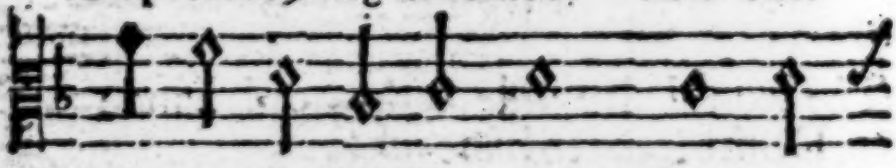
vpon, thy blessed name Sence daye



O Lorde vpon, whose holy wyll

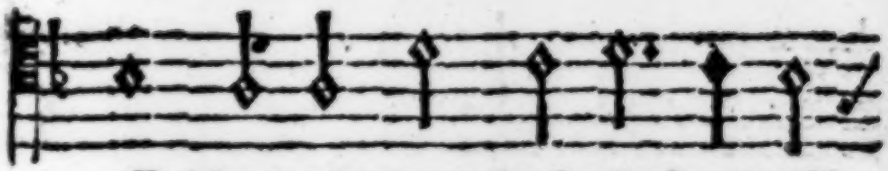


Dependeth my welfare: To call

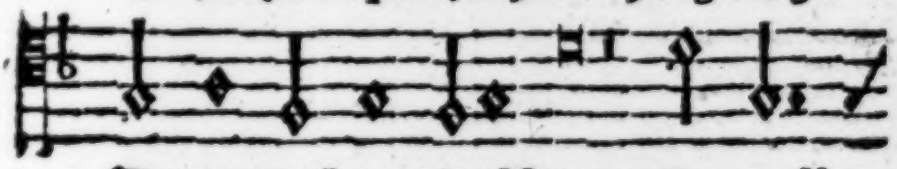


vpon, thy blessed name Sence daye

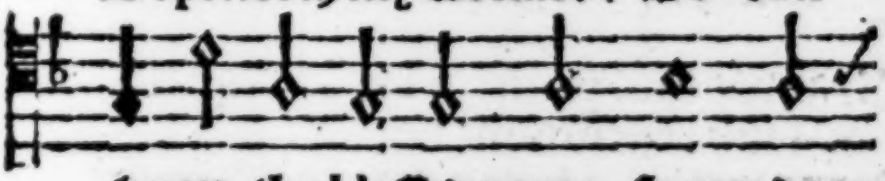
In Metre.



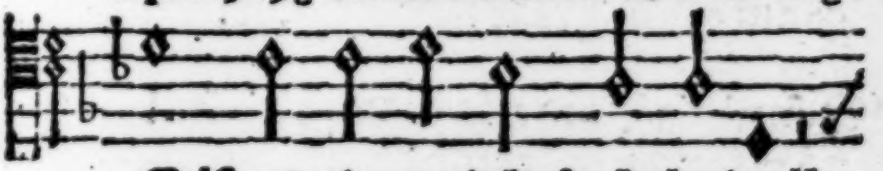
O Lorde vpon, whose holy wyll



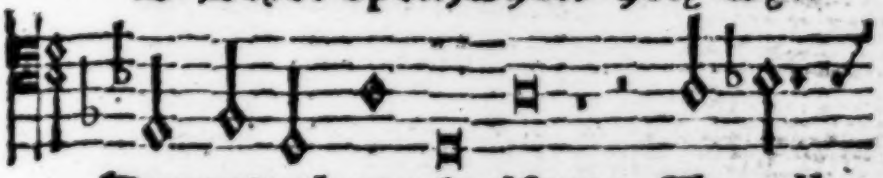
Dependeth my welfare: To call



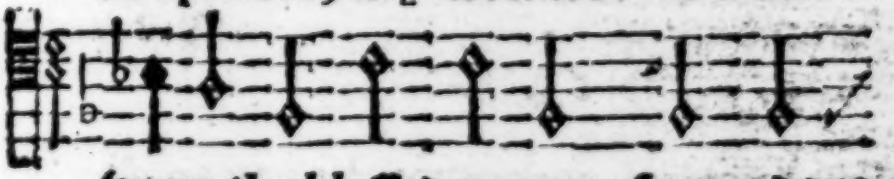
vpon, thy blessed name Sence daye



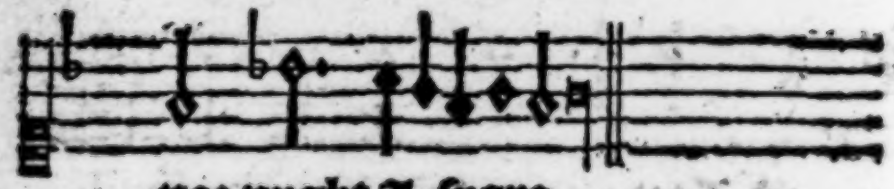
O Lorde vpon, whose holy wyll



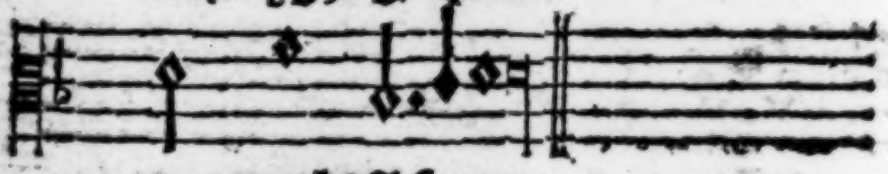
Dependeth my welfare: To call



vpon, thy blessed name: Sence daye



nor nyght I spare.



nor nyght I spare.

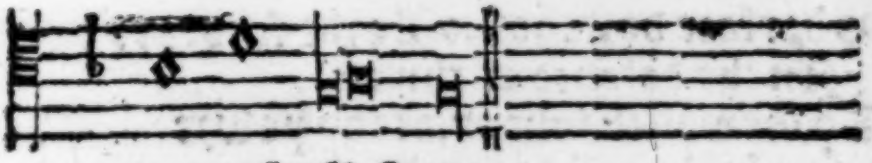
Graunte that ẏ iuste, & ryght request
Of my repentaunt mynde:
So perce thyne eares, that in thy syght
Some fauoure it maye fynde.

My soule (o Lorde, is fraughted full
Wyth grefe of folyes past:
My restles body, doth consume
And death approcheth fast.

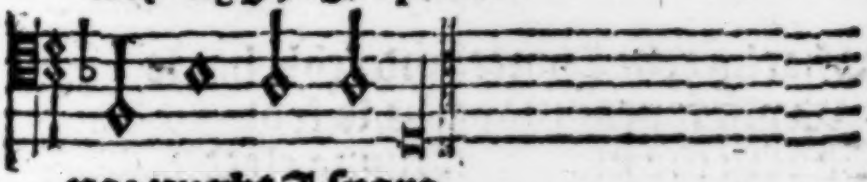
Lyke vnto those, whose fatall thred
Thyne hand hath cut in twayne:
Of whom there is no farther bruyte
But in theyr graues remayne.

Lorde in thy wrath, thou hast me cast
Into the pyt of payne:
Wherin I mourne, and playne my wo
That I byde and sustayne.

In Mettre.



nor nyght I spare.



nor nyght I spare.

The burden of, thy wrath and yre
Doth me so sore oppresse:
And sondry stormes, thou hast me sent
Of terroure and dystresse.

The faythfull frendes, are from me fled
And banysht from my syght:
And such as I, haue held full deare
Hath set my frendeshyp lyght.

My durance doth, now styll perswade
Of fredom such dyspayre:
That by the teares, that payne my harte
Myne eye syght doth appayre.

Yet dyd I neuer, cease nor slake
Thyne ayde for to desyre:
Wyth humble harte, and stretched hands
For to appease thyne yre.

Wherfore doſt thou, o Lorde forbeare
In the defence of thyne:
To ſhew ſuch tokens, of thy powre
In ſyght of Adams lyne.

Wherby eche faynte, and feble harte
Wyth faythe maye be ſo fed:
That in the mouth, of thyne elect
Thy mercyes myght be ſpred.

The fleſhe in earth, that feadeth worms
Can not thy loue declare:
Nor ſuch ſet forth, thy fayth as dwell
In the lande of diſpaire.

Thy name no prayſe, can haue at all
Euen by the mouthe of thoſe:
Whom death hath ſhut, in ſylence ſo
As they maye not dyſcloſe.

The lyuely voyce, euen of them all
That in thys worlde delyght:
Nor by the trumpe, that muſt reſound
The glory of thy myght.

Wherfore I wyll, not ceaſe at all
In cheke of my dyſtreſſe:
To call on thee, tyll that the ſlepe
My wery bones oppreſſe.

In Metre.

And in the morne, early betyme
When that the slepe is fledde:
Wyth floudds of salte, repentant teares
To washe my restles bedde.

Wyth in thys mynde, so full of care
Burdned wyth payne and grefe:
Why dost thou Lorde, appease the thyng
That should be my relefe.

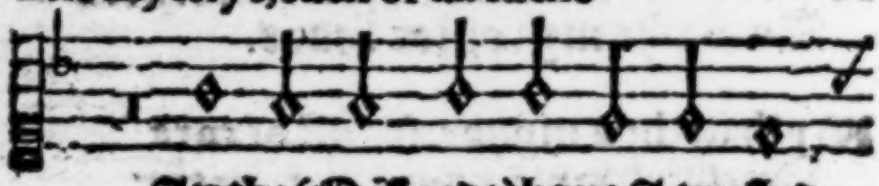
My wretched state, beholde and se
Whom death shall straygyt assayle:
Cast not from thee, thas yeted styll
That naught els doth but wayle.

The feare so greate, lo of thyne yre
Hath trode me vnder fete:
The scourges of, thyne angrye hand
Hath made death seme full swete.

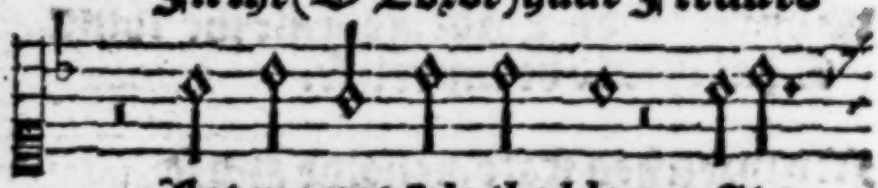
Lyke as the roringe, waues of seas
The sonken shyppe surrounde:
Great heapes of care, dyd follow me
And I no succoure founde.

For they whome no, kynde of myschaunce
Could from my loue deuyde:
Are forced to, my greater grefe
From me theyr face to hyde.

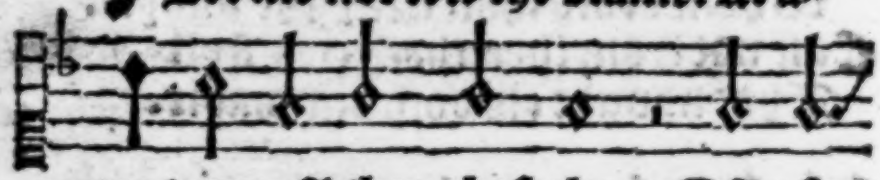
Beholde and ſee, the greate goodnes
Of god vvho doth ſuſtayne:
The myſerye, euen of all ſuche



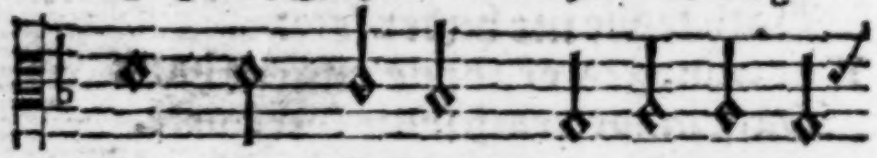
In the (O Lorde) haue I truſted



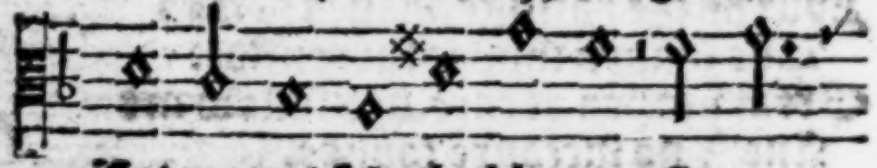
Let me not kele the blame: At a-



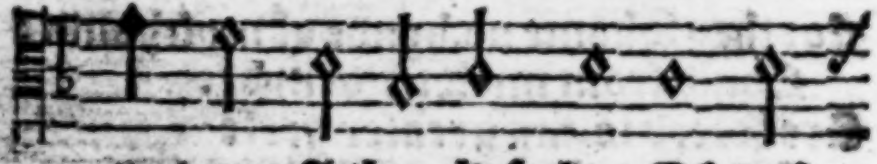
ny tyme, I thee beſeche Of dyſ-



In thee (O Lorde) haue I truſted.



Let me not kele the blame: At a-



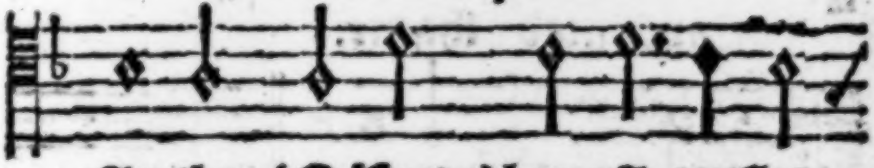
ny tyme, I thee beſeche Of dyſ-

In Mettre.

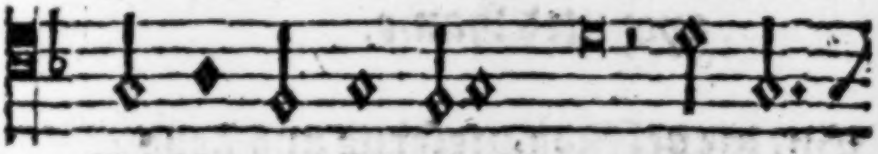
As be in griefe and payne.

Pſalme.xxxi.

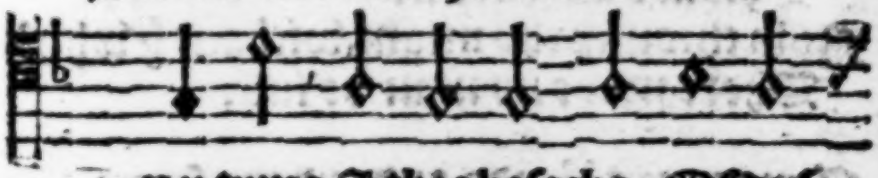
In te domine ſperaui.



In thee (O Lorde) haue I truſted

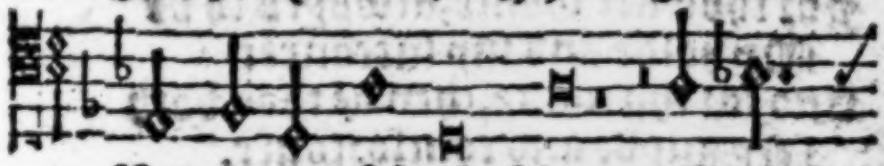


Let me not fele the blame: At a-

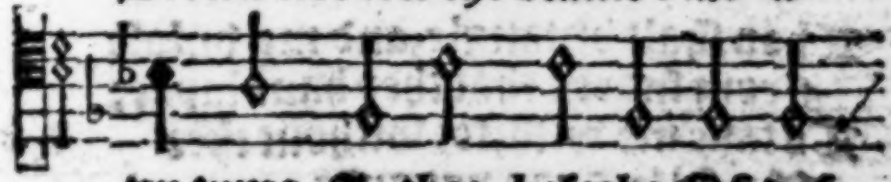


ny tyme, I thee beſeche O dyl-

In thee (O Lorde,) haue I truſted

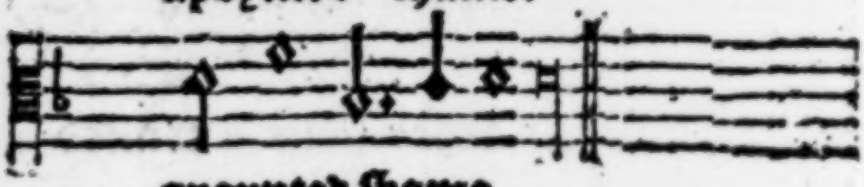


Let me not fele the blame: At a-



ny tyme, I thee beſeche O dyl-

apoynted ſhame.



apoynted ſhame.

But me defende, preſerue and kepe
Delyuer as I truſt:
Now through thy might, without ꝗ which
There maye no man be iuſt.

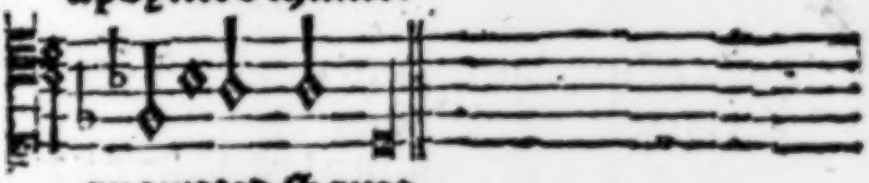
Gyue eare o Lorde, and ryd me ſoone
My fortreſſe before me:
In whoſe defence, thou ſhalt me ſaue
Yf I defended be.

For thou art wonte, alwayes to be
My holde and my ſuccoure:
And for thy name, then be thou both
My guyde and comforgoure.

Thou ſhalt vntangle, and me vnloſe
From ſnares that they haue layde:
To take me with, for without thee
My ſelfe I can not ayde.

In Metre.

apoynted ſhame.



apoynted ſhame.

Into thy helpe, and hand I wyll
Betake my ſimple ſpryte:
Thou haſt and ſhalt, delyuer me
Moſt iuſte in thy behyght.

I haue not one, of them alowed
That ſets theyr endes in vayne:
Myne only hope, both all and ſome
In the doth ſure remayne.

Let me therfore, (oh Lord) inioye
Thy mercyes oft aſſayde:
My troubles for, thou dydſt regarde
Wherin my lyfe was ſtayde.

Thou haſt not ſuffered, me at all
Wyth enmies powre be payde:
But rather haſt, thou ſet at large
My ſtepps that were reſtraynde.

Oh Lorde on me, now pytye take
At hand my daunger loo:
Myne eyes my lyke, and eke my flesh
Alas doth frette for woo.

Moste of my dayes, and yeares I saye
In troubles wasted arre:
My stregth decayeth, my bones do quayle
Such myscheke me doth marre.

The feare and dred, of many foes
Hath made my frendes to swarue:
And they to hate me, wyth out cause
Of whome I good desarue.

I am dysppyld, and cleane forgot
As dede in death doth starue:
As broken pots, whose shards I saye
For nothinge more can sarue.

I heardе the people, taulke and saye
And threaten woo and stryke:
As though it semde, by one consent
I were not worthy lyke.

But yet (oh Lorde) in thee I do
Set surely my belieke:
And know thou art, what me bekall
My God and whole relieke.

In Metre.

My tyme it is, in thyne owne handes
Thou knowest what shall insue:
Delyuer me, from enmyes powre
Wyche doth my lyfe pursue.

Shew yet thy frendly, countynaunce
Unto thy symple saue:
According to, thy natyue ruthe
Thou me defend and saue.

Let it not be, imputed lorde
For a mock vnto me:
That in my nede, my ayde and helpe
I seake onely at thee.

The wycked haue, the mocks & scorns
And holde theyr peace in hell:
But buryed maye, they all be now
Of farther helpe that tell.

And let theyr mouths, be sealed vp
That vse theyr typpes to lyes:
Speakinge slanders, of the iuste man
Wyth proude dysdaynfull eyes.

What welth and what, abundant store
Haste thou layde vp for those:
That honoure thee, that hope in thee
For whome thou doste dysclose.

Euen manyfest, afore oure eyes
Full many a noble dede:
That Adams lyne, maye wondre much
And learne thee for to drede.

Thou dost bestowe, them wondrous well
Afore thyne eyes and face:
Whyche is debard, from wycked men
They maye not haue that grace.

For thou dost them, defende and saue
From threates of myghty poure:
From venym tounges, thou dost the hyde
Wythin thy pleasaunt boure.

Lorde of thy greate, goodnes haue I
At thy hand fauoure founde:
Thy workes in my, defence is as
A cytye walled rounde.

I haue me thought, often ere thys
Farre cast out of thy syght:
But yet euen then, thou hardst my voyce
And prayer daye and nyght.

Loue ye therfore, the lyuinge Lorde
Hys goodnes whych do taste:
For he the symple, doth defende
Rewards the proude as faste.

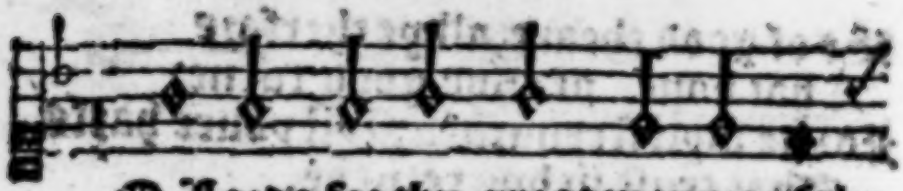
In Meter.

Be of good theare, all ye therfore
That hope of God good turne:
For he wyll strengthen, styll youre harts
That trust in hys returne.

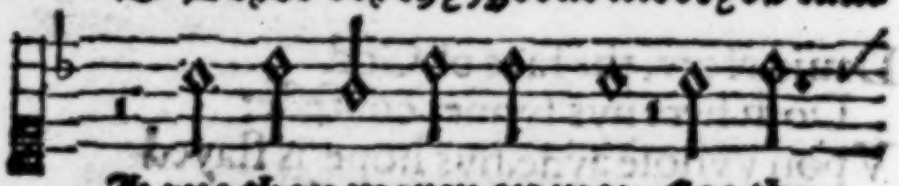
Dauid afore, the face of God
Doth here hys synnes confesse:
Vpon vvhose ayde, hys hope is stayed
vvhen troubles him oppresse.

Miserere mei Deus.

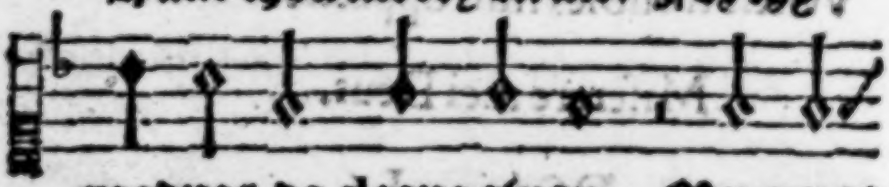
Psalme. Li.



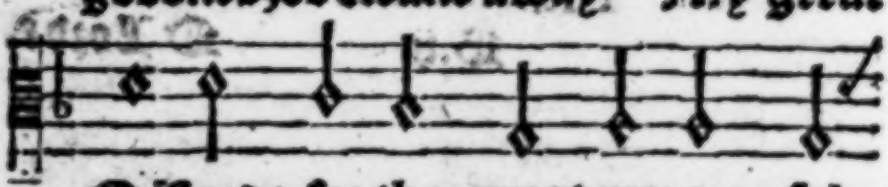
O Lorde for thy, great mercyes ſake



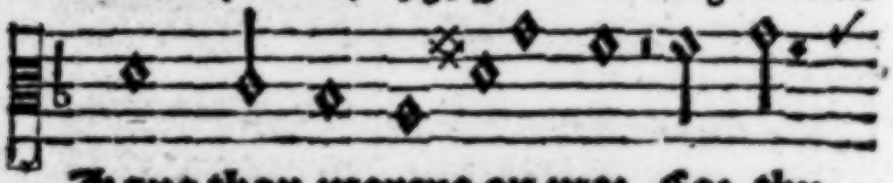
Haue thou mercy on me: For thy



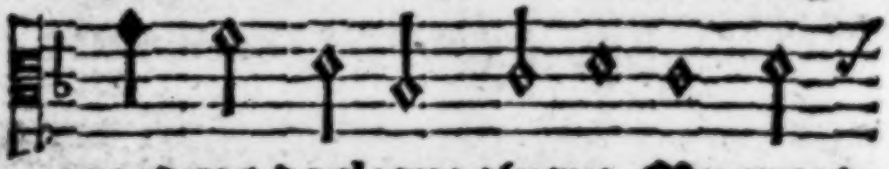
goodnes, do cleane away My great



O Lorde for thy, great mercyes ſake

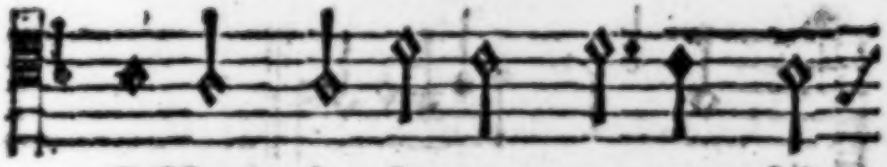


Haue thou mercye on me: For thy



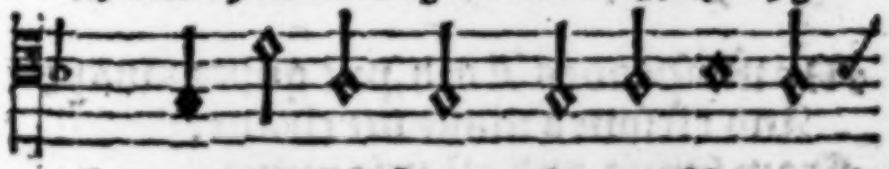
goodnes, do ſleane awaye My great

In Metre.

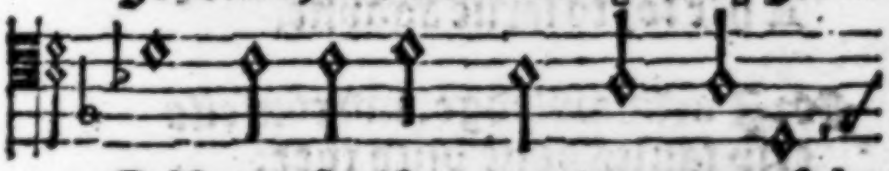


O Lorde for thy great mercyes sake

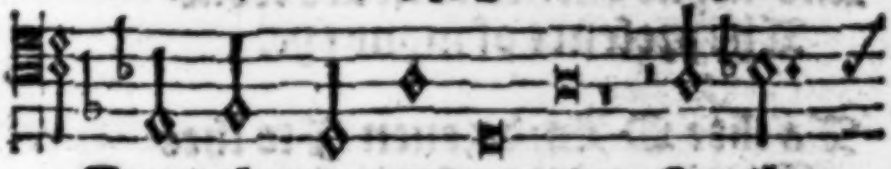
Haue thou mercy on me: For thy



goodnes, do cleane awaye My great

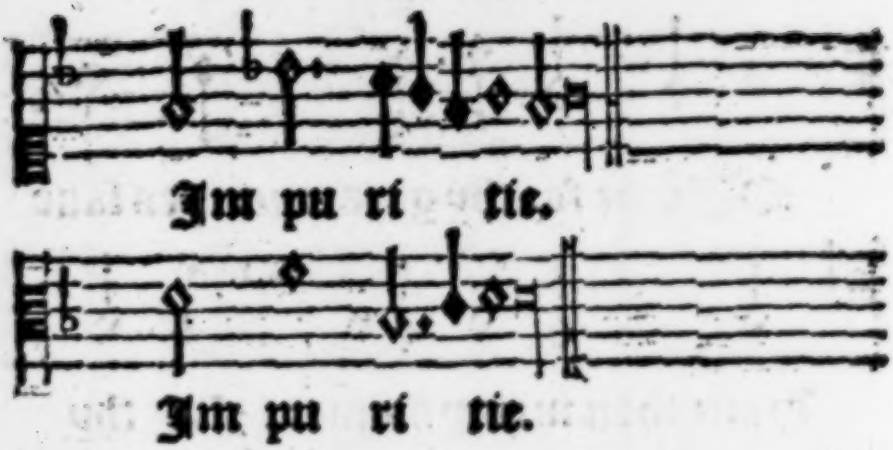


O Lorde for thy, great mercyes sake



Haue thou mercy on me: For thy

goodnes, do cleane away My great



My myſdeades Lord, put quyte awaye
And eftſones make me cleane:
From ſynne, and all iniquytye
Thee for to ſerue agayne.

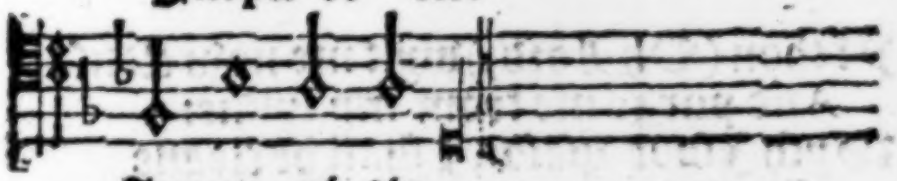
For I acknowledge, and confeſſe
My faults done vnto thee:
And myne offence, is neuer from
The preſence of myne eye.

To thee O Lorde, euen I to thee
Haue done thys ſore offence:
In thys myſdede I ſhew my faute
Not fearing thy preſence.

But yf thou wilt, vouchſafe O Lord
Of this me now to eaſe:
And gyue thy worde, now vnto me
I ſhall not thee dyſpleaſe.

In Metre.

Impu ri tie.



Impu ri tie.

Then shalt thou be, for it named
A God bothe iust and true:
Moste constant in, thy promysses
Not chaunginge them anew.

Yea then shalt thou, be reputed
And counted Iust in dede:
Condemnynge them, that wyll not turne
And call for helpe at nede.

All things to thee, is full well knowne
And nothinge from the hyd:
Euen howe of synne, I had no lack
When I was conceyued.

For why: subiect, my mother was
Also to it made thrall:
and when that I, conceyued was
By her I had my fall.

Yea Lord though that, it were not ſmall
Wyth by her then I had:
Yet in thy truth, is my delyte
Wyth wyſdome make me glad.

Yf thou (Oh Lord,) wylt me now cleanſe
And purge me from my ſynne:
Wyth Iſope wacht, I ſhall be cleane
A new lyfe to begynne.

Yf thou wilt put, now cleane awaye
My ſynne and me renewe:
Then ſhall I be, that was once black
As whyte as is the ſnewe.

When thou wyth ioye, ſhalt me indew
And drawe to myth agayne:
Then wyll my bones, be voyde of woo
Wyych thou ſome tymes dydſt payne.

Thy face good Lord, for thy name ſake
Do turne from myne offence:
And for thy mercyes, great I craue
Preſerue me now from thence.

Oh Lord make cleane, my harte I ſaye
That I in me reſerue:
And that thy ſpiryte, within my breaſt
Alwaye maye me preſerue.

For thy mercy, and greate goodnes
Forsake me not (oh Lord):
Me take awaye, thy blessed spyryt
Lest that I be abhorde.

But rather graunte, thou vnto me
The comforte of thyne hande:
And wyth thy spyryt, as pryncypall
Defend me to wythstande.

If thou wylt graunte, this my request
Then synners shall I tell:
Theyr lyfe how that, they shall appoynte
In loye wyth the to dwell.

And suche as then, be ouerthroune
And thrall to synne be made:
They shall repent, and turne agayne
Be seinge of my trade.

Oh God the author, of my health
From murder make me fre:
Thy ryghteousnes, my mouth shall tell
And prayse it certaynlye.

My tounge o Lord, do thou releace
Wherof thou hast the cure:
That then it may, declare abrode
Thy prayse and eke thy poure.

Yet that I ſhould, my ſelfe apply
In preſence for to bryngе:
The outwarde ſacryfyce, oh Lorde
It would pleaſe the nothinge.

Ne yet wylt thou, ought it regarde
As though thou hadſt reſpect:
The offering that, the heate doth purge
Whych we to thee diect.

The ſacryfyce, pleaſinge the Lorde
And the oblacyon:
It is the ſpyryt, ryghte penitent
That maketh her great moone:

It is truly, the heart of trouthe
Wyth doloure ſtrycken ſore:
Thou cãſt not Lord, diſpyſe theſe twayne
No not for euermore.

To Syon Lorde, alwayes declare
Thy grace and greate goodnes:
That the walles of, Ieruſalem
Agayne may haue redreſſe.

The ſacryfyce, we then ſhal make
Shalbe pleaſaunte to thee:
Whych ſhal declare, as tokens trew
Dure inwarde purytie.

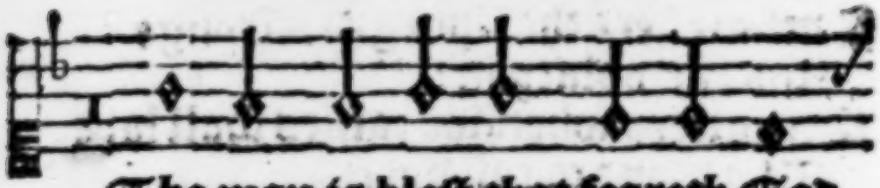
In Meter.

I meane here the, purged offrynge
And eke oblacyon:
On aulters when, we calues shall laye
Thy name to call vpon.

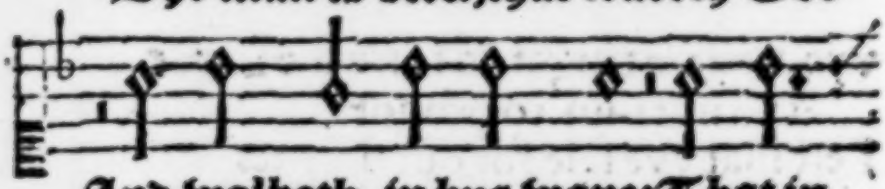
vve are here taught, to feare the Lorde
And not him to prouoke
Lest that vve fele, for our desartes
Hys plague and heauy stroke

Psalmes. C. xii.

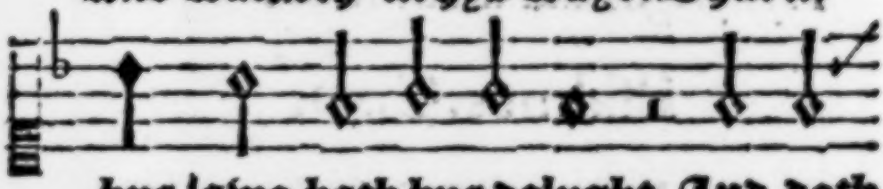
Beatus vir qui timet.



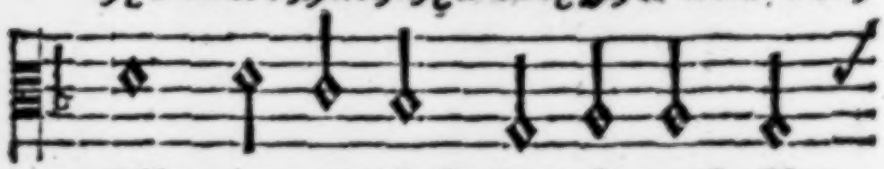
The man is bleſt, that feareth God



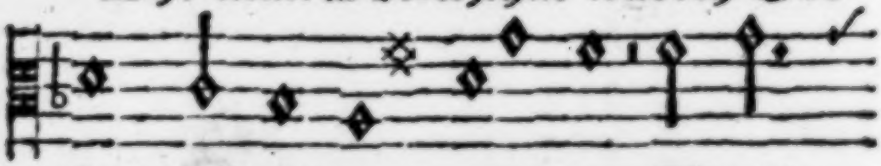
And walketh in hys waye: That in



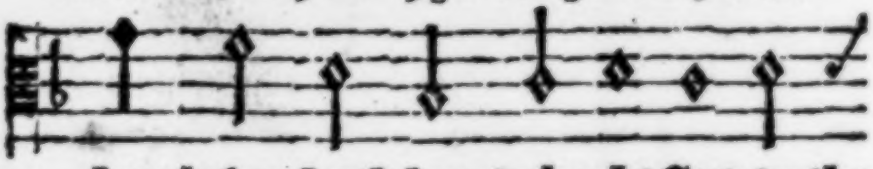
hys lawe, hath hys delyght. And doth



The man is bleſt, that feareth God

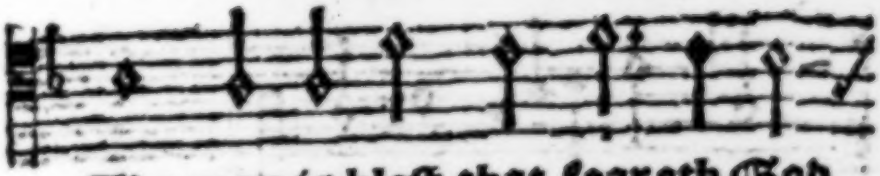


And walketh in hys waye: That in

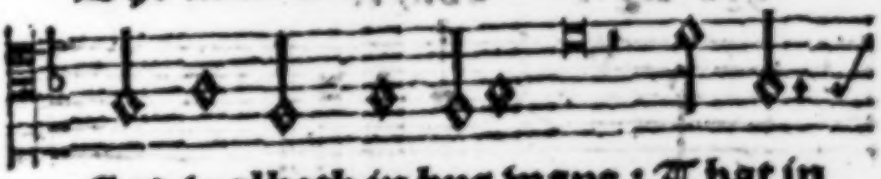


hys lawe, hath hys delyght And dothe

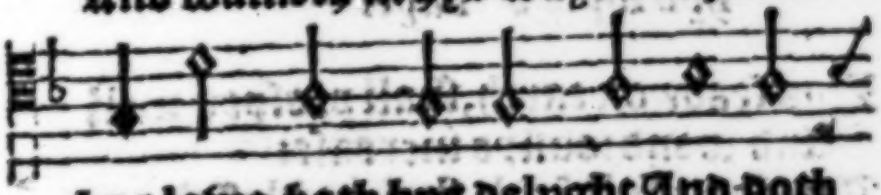
In Metre.



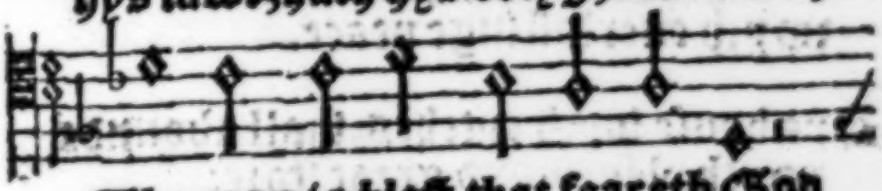
The man is bleſt, that feareth God



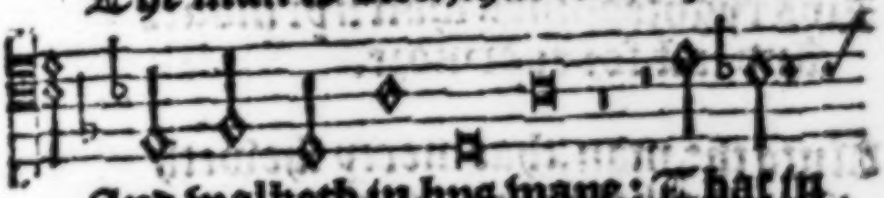
And walketh in hys waye: That in



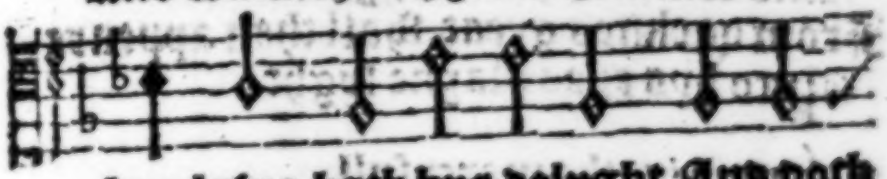
hys lawe, hath hys delyght And doth



The man is bleſt, that feareth God



And walketh in hys waye: That in



hys lawe, hath hys delyght And doth

hys wyll obaye.

hys wyll o baye.

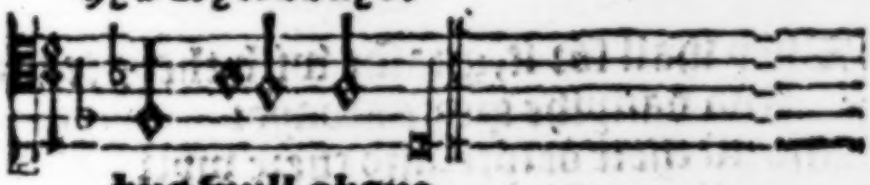
Hys ſeade on earth, ſhall proſper well
And wondrouſlye increaſe:
The ſaythfull flock, ſhal be bleſſed
Wyth euerlaſtinge peace.

Hys houſe wyth rytches, ſhall abounde
Wyth plenty and great ſtore:
Hys rygheteoulnes ſhall ſtyl indure
And laſt for euermore.

Unto the man, that merry ſheweth
And walketh here aryght:
From darknes great, ſhall then appeare
Unto hys eyes playne lyght.

O happy is, the merryfull
That lendeth lyberallye:
And in hys words, is circumſpect
And ſpeaks aduyſedlye.

hys wyll obaye.



hys wyll obaye.

No thinge shall moue, nor him molest
Ne yet him greue or payne:
The memory, of the ryghteous
For euer shall remayne.

No feare can make, him fayne at all
Nor no kynde of myschance:
Whose harte doth fermly, trust in God
In whom he hath assiance.

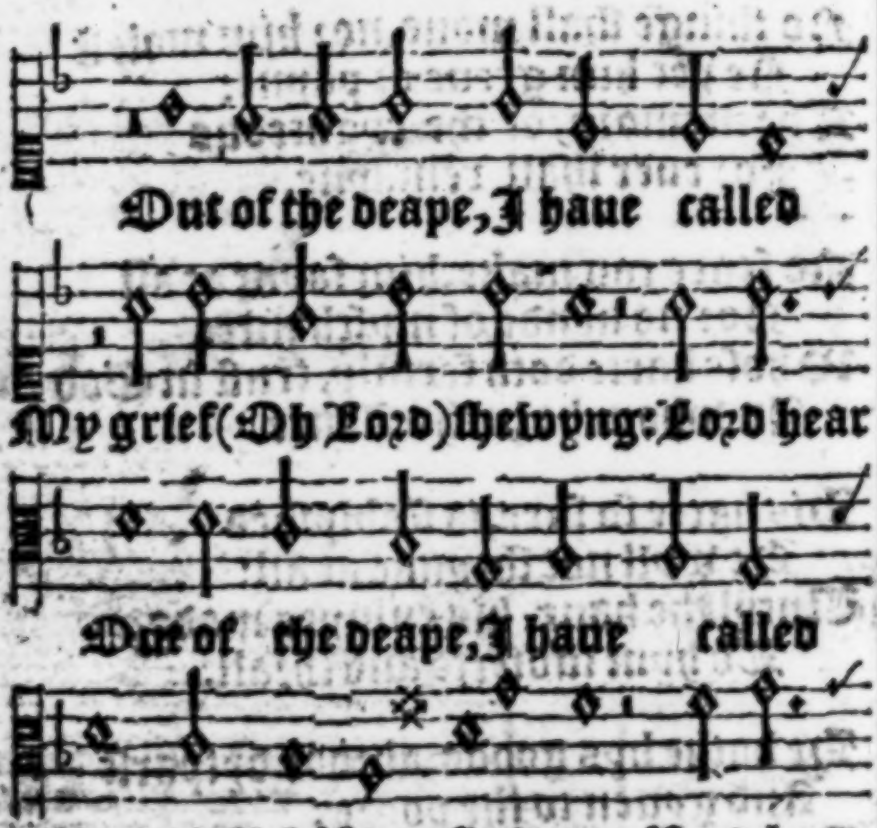
His harte so sure, is stablyshed
He wyll not shrynke at all:
Untyll he haue, his enmyes made
To hym subiecte and thrall.

He hathe hys goods, abrode dysparst
And gyuen to the poore:
Hys ryghteousnes, remayne it shall
And dure for euermore.

The

The wycked and the vngodlye
Shallit beholde and ſe:
And wyll conceaue dyſpleaſure then
And ſore offended be.

They ſhall for it, gnaſhe with theyr teath
And vanyſhe quyte awaye:
And all their deſyre, and their wyll
Shall peryſhe and decaye.

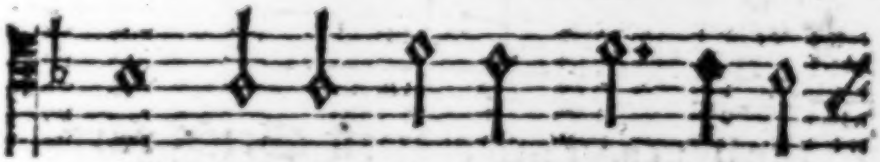


In Metre.

To God for ayde, vve ought to call
In all aduersitre:
For he our prayers, vvyll accept
And helpe vs spedelye.

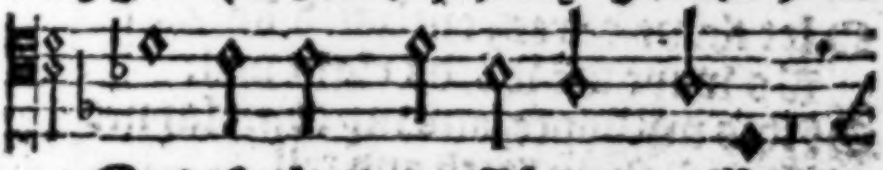
Psalme. C. XXX.

De profundis clamaui.

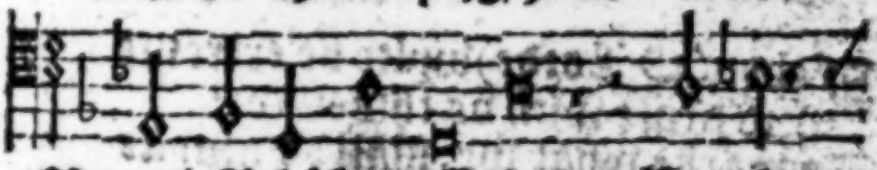


Out of the deape, I haue called

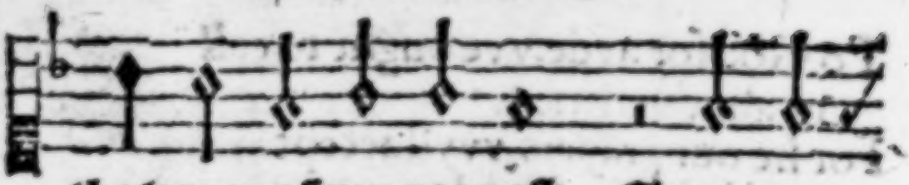
My griek (Oh Lord) shewyng: Lord hear



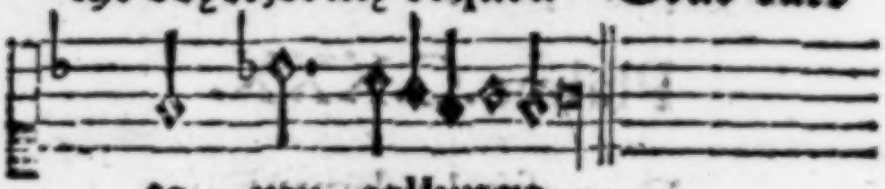
Out of the deape, I haue called



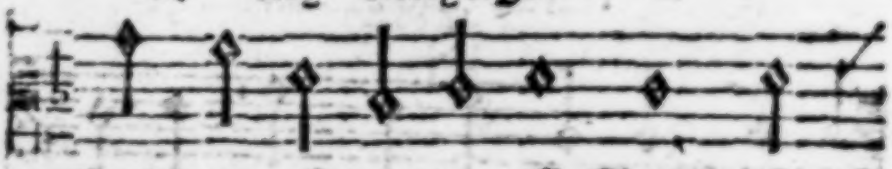
My griek (oh Lord) shewyng: Lord hear



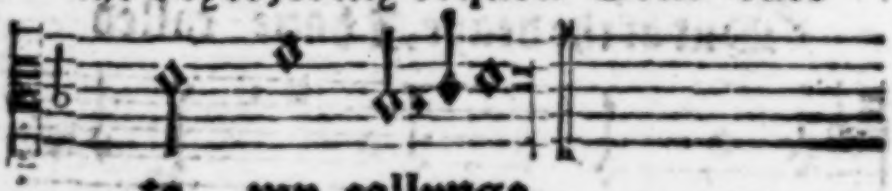
the voyce, of my requeſt Geue eare



to my callynge.



the voyce, of my requeſt Geue eare

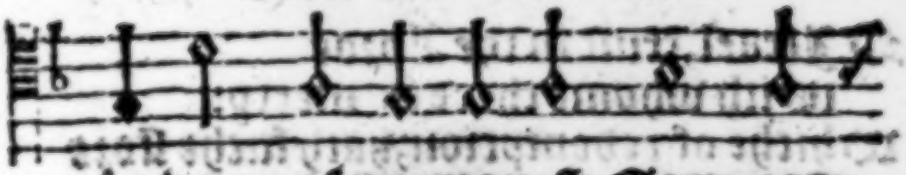


to my callynge.

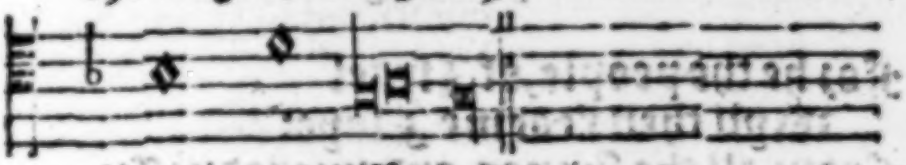
O let thyne eares, enclyned be
To waye the wordes right wel:
Of this my voyce, and my complaynte
That I ſhew forth and tell.

Yet thou (O Lorde) wylte be extreme
And deale with vs this waye:
To marke what we, ſhall do amyſſe
Abyde it Lorde who maye.

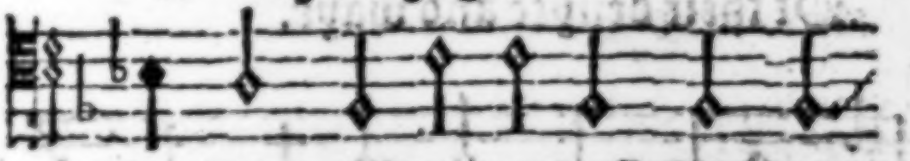
Yet mercy Lord, there is with thee
In ſuche abundant ſtore:



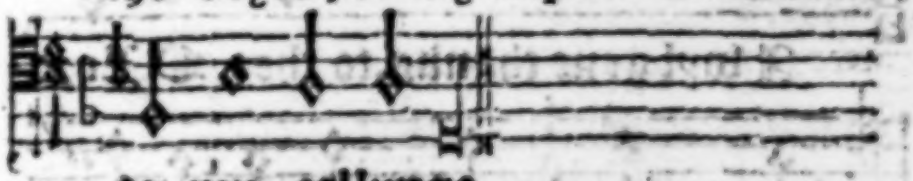
the voyce, of my requeſt Geue eare



to my callynge.



the voyce, of my requeſt Geue eare



to my callynge.

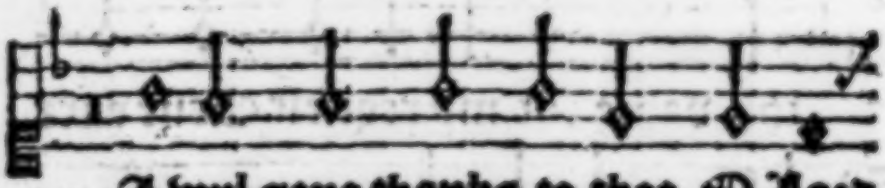
For whiche thou ſhalt, be dred and feard
Bothe now and euermore.

The Lords commynge, my ſoule abydes
And wayte wyll for it iuſt:
For in his lawe, is my delyte
And in his worde my truſt.

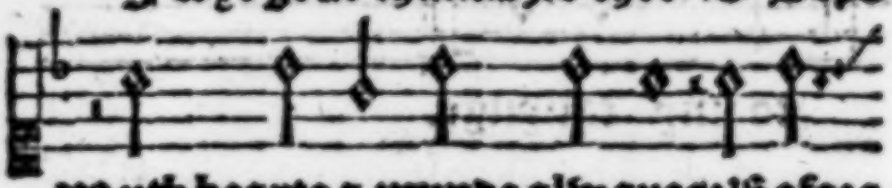
My ſoule to the Lorde, takes his ſyght
Before the mornynge tyde:
From day to day, my ſoule I ſaye
For the Lorde doth abyde.

O Iſrael, truſt in the Lorde
With whome there is merry:
Whiche of redemption, hath ſuche ſtore
As caſt we may plenye.

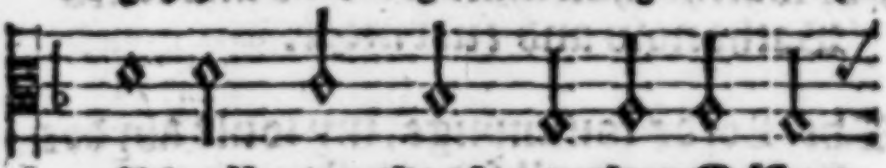
For he the people, of Iſrael
Wyll then redeme I ſaye:
From all the ſynnes, and wickedneſſe:
Of their deuyce and waye.



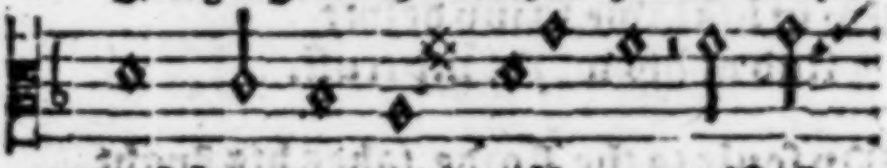
I wyl geue thanks, to thee O Lord



With hearte & mynde alwayes: Before



I wyll geue thanks, to thee O Lord



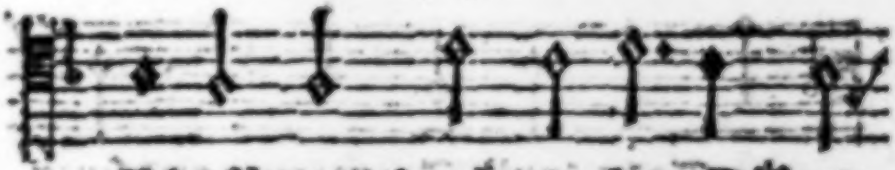
With heart & mynde alwayes: Before

In Metre.

The Lorde to prayse vve are stirred
And hym to magnifye:
Vvhiche doth vvith grace, al such indevv
As trust in hys mercy.

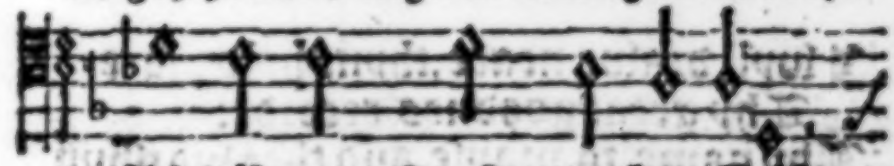
Psalme. Cxxxviii.

Confitebor tibi.

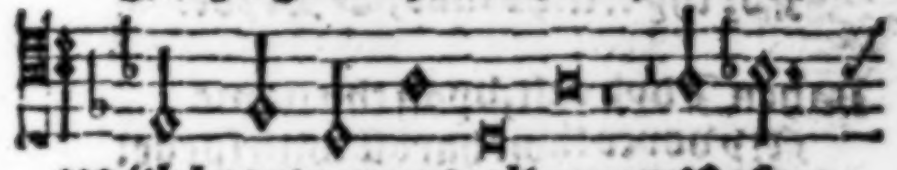


I wyll geue thanks, to thee O Lord

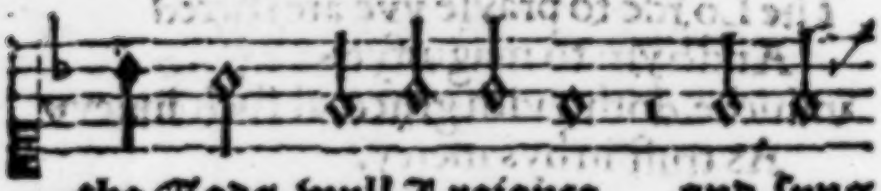
wyth heart & mynde alwayes: Before



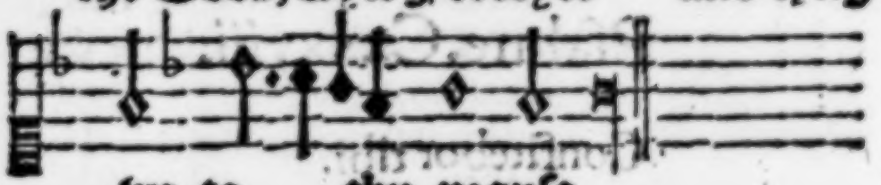
I wyll geue thanks, to thee O Lord



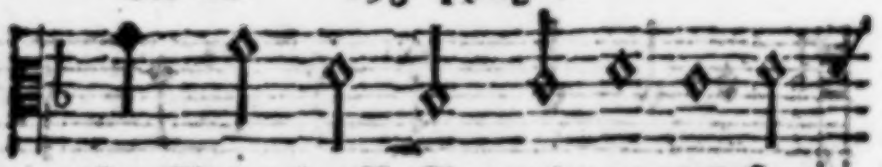
With heart & mynd alwayes: Before



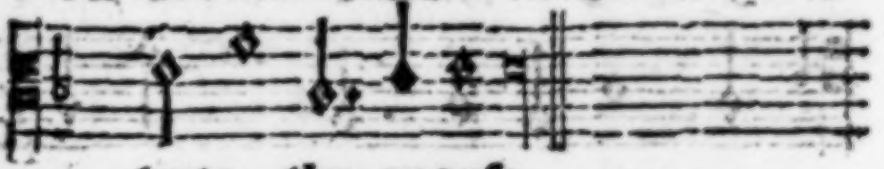
the Gods, wyll I reioyce and syng



vn to thy prayse.



the Gods, wyll I reioyce and syng



vnto thy prayse.

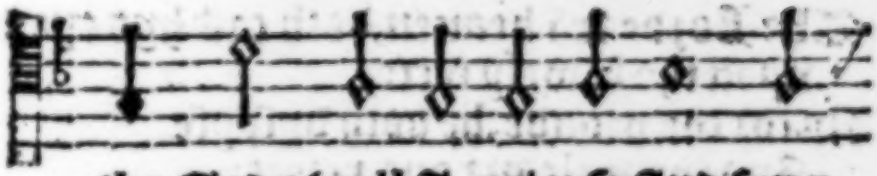
I wyll drawe neare, thyne holy place
Thy great goodnes record:
Thy name to prayse, and thee worshyp
For thy truths sake, O Lorde.

When I dyd call, vpon thy name
My voyce thou hardst with spede:
And dydst sucker, sende to my soule
In the tyme of my nede.

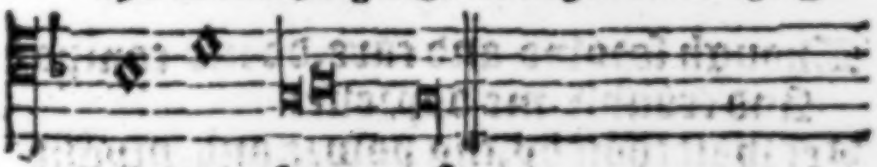
Thy name by thy, most glorious powre
Thou hast so magnified:

And

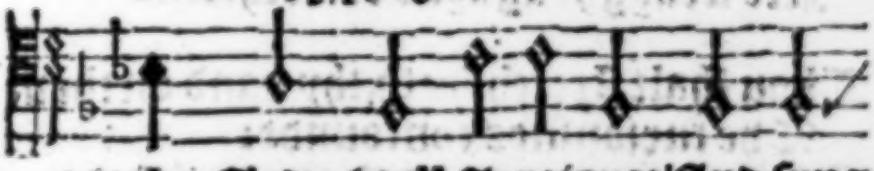
In Metre.



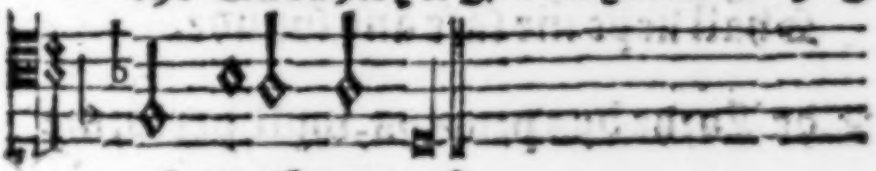
the Gods, wyll I reioyse And syng



vnto thy prayse.



the Gods, wyll I reioyce And syng



vnto thy prayse.

And thy most holy, and blessed worde
Aboue all thynges extolled.

The Kyngs and rulers on the earthe
Shal thee honour and prayse:
For they the wordes, of thine owne mouth
Haue hearde in all their dayes.

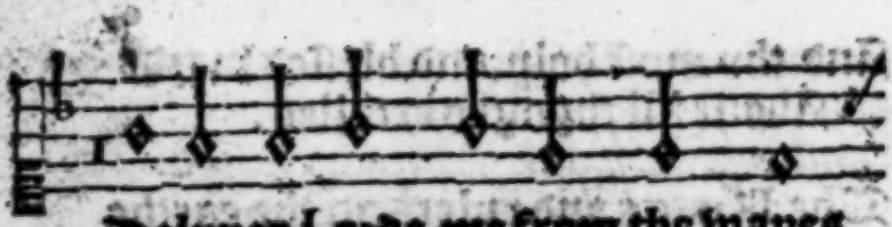
Yea they shall synge, and muche reioyce
And in thy wayes accorde:
That great is the, glory and powre
Of thee their God and Lord.

The Lorde frō heauen, doth caſt hys eyes
vpon the lowely ſect:
As for the proude, he doth dyſpyſe
And them cleane out reiect.

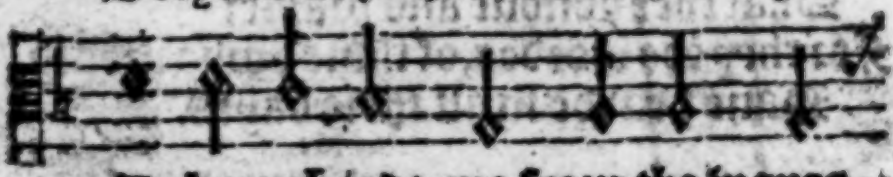
Though ſorowe and care, do me compas
And trouble me oppreſſe:
Yet thalt thou by, thy powre and myght
Me ſtrayght agayne refreſhe.

Thou ſhalt ſtretch forth, thy hand on them
The furiouſnes confounde:
Of myne enmyes, and thy ryght hande
Shall kepe me ſafe and ſounde.

The Lorde dys promys, wyll performe
Of



Delyuer Lorde, me from the wayes



Delyuer Lorde, me from the wayes

In Metre.

Wkhys greate goodnes sure:
Thy mercy Lorde, that is so greate
For euer doth indure.

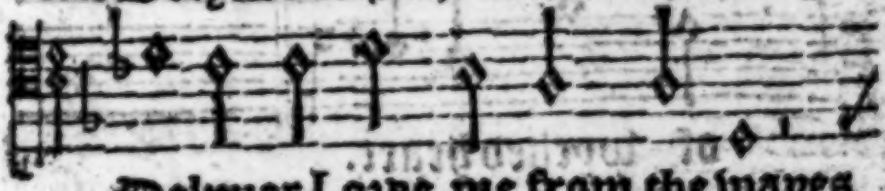
Wyspyse not then, we the desyre
Nor do not Lorde forsake:
The worckmãshyp, of thyne owne hands
For thou Lorde dydst vs make.

This Psalme the vvayes, of the vvycked
And the vngodly trayne:
Doth by theyre frutes iudge them to be
Most damnable and vayne.

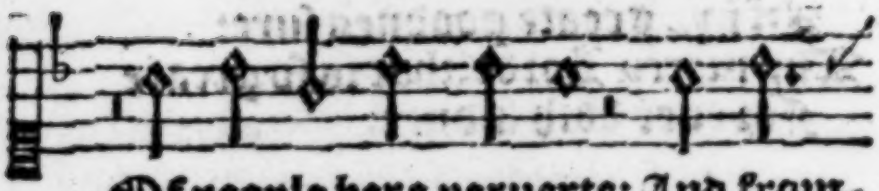
Psalme. Cxl.

Eripe me.

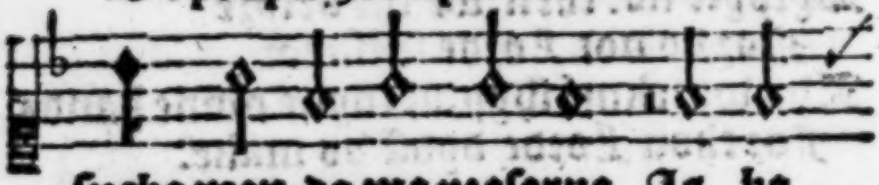
Delyuer Lorde, me from the wayes



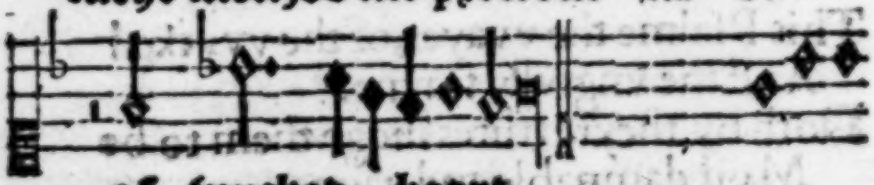
Delyuer Lorde, me from the wayes



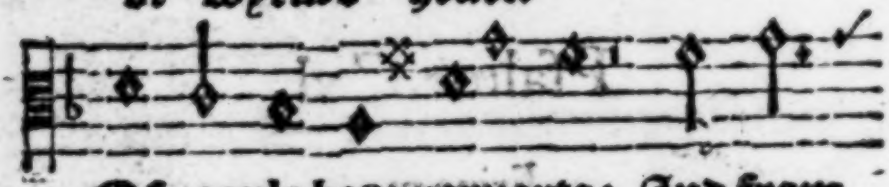
Of people here peruerte: And from



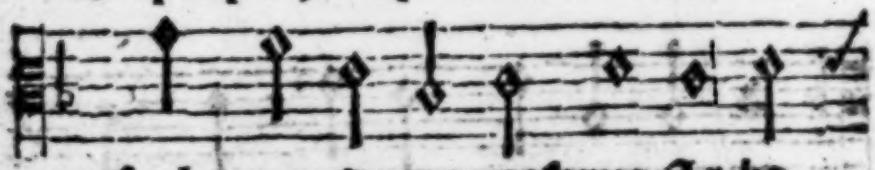
ſuche men, do me preſerue As be



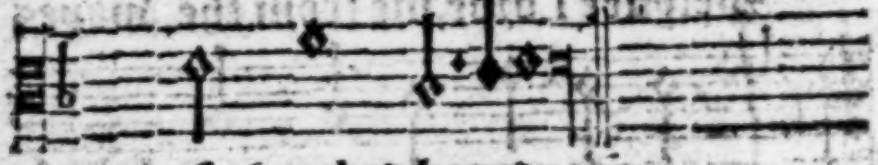
of wycked heart.



Of people here peruerte: And from

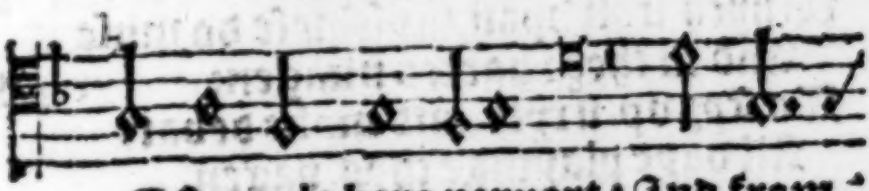


ſuche men, do me preſerue As be



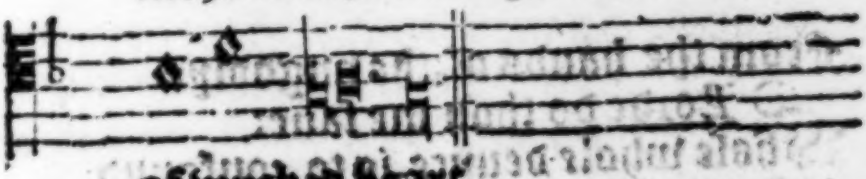
of wycked heart.

In Meter.

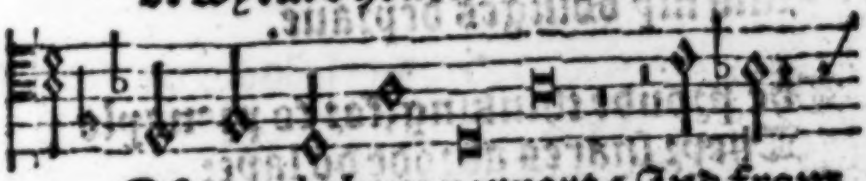


Of people here peruert: And from

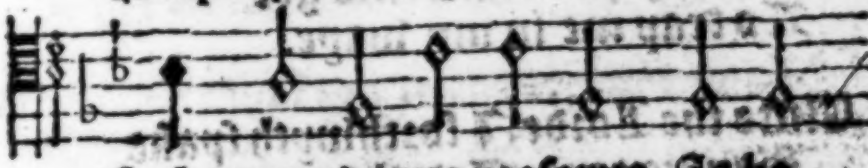
suche men, do me preserue As be



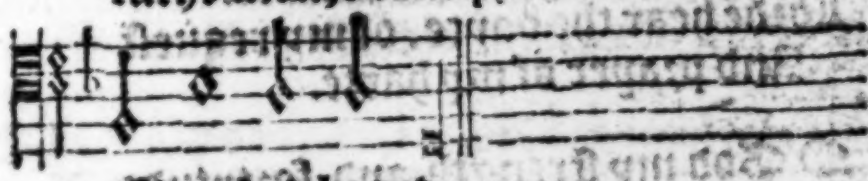
of wycked heart.



Of people here peruert: And from



suche men, do me preserue As be



of wycked heart.

Wyych styll vpon, myschiefe do muse
And in theyr hartes imagen:
To styr vp stryke, and make debate
All daye playinge thys pagen.

Theyr toungs they whet, lyke to serpents
Theyr poysone out to poure:
Wyych hydden is, vnder theyr lyps
Lyke vnto the addoure.

From the hands of, the vngodlye
O Lorde do thou me saue:
Whole whole deuyce, is to confound
And my doinges deprauе.

The proude thinking, for to prevayle
Theyr snares abrode do laye:
And set theyr net, me into get
To trap me in my waye.

Unto the Lorde, I forthwyth spake
Sayinge my God thou art:
Lorde hear the voyce, of my request
And prayer of my harte.

O God my strength, and fortytude
That health to me dost sende:
In the daye of, my most daunger
Thou dydst me then defende.

In Metre.

O Lorde let not, the vngodly
Haue theyr desyre and wyll:
Lest they wyth pryde, be puffed vp
Because they prosper styll.

Let such myschieke, as they imagen
Theyr owne dystruccyon be:
As theyr owne lyps, shall then pronounce
Speakynge to compas me.

Let flamyng fyre, them straygh̃t consume
Wherin they bydyng payne:
As in a pyt, from whence I saye
Neuer to ryse agayne.

The man whose lyps, are ryse in taulke
And can hys tounge not gyde:
Shall not inioye, the earth no space
Theron for to abyde.

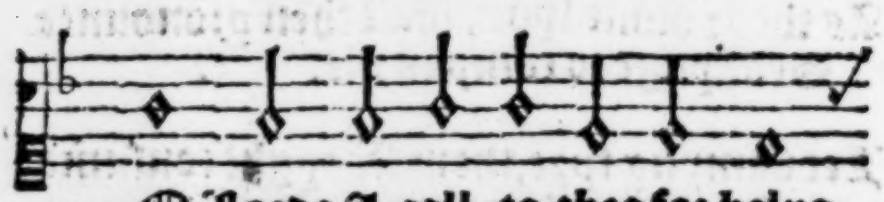
Myschieke shal moue, the wycked man
Him to molest and noye:
And to pursue, vntyll such tyme
He shall hym cleane dystroye.

The Lord doutles, the poore mans wrong
Reuenge wyll and redresse:
The cause of such, mayntayne he wyll
As here shall be helples.

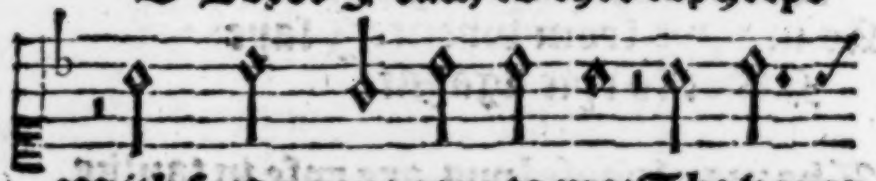
The

The rygheous ſhall, therat reioyse
Ye rayſing thyne holy name:
The iuſt wyth ioye, contynew ſhall
In thy ſyght wythout blame.

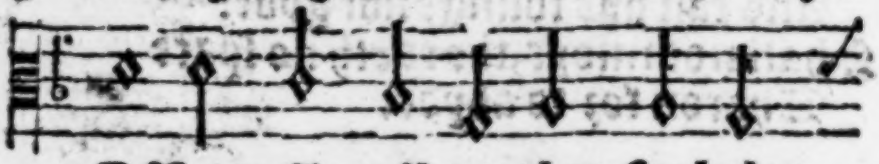
To God he cals, him to aſſyſt
And hys grace to him ſende:



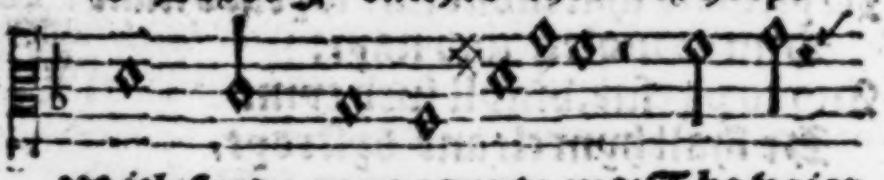
O Lorde I call, to thee for helpe



With ſpede geue eare to me: The voyce



O Lorde I call, to thee for helpe



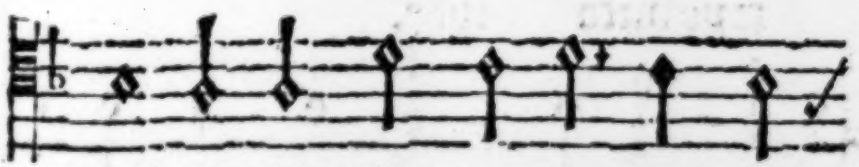
With ſpede geue eare to me: The voice

In Metre.

Hys harte to direct, in hys vvayes
And from euel him defende.

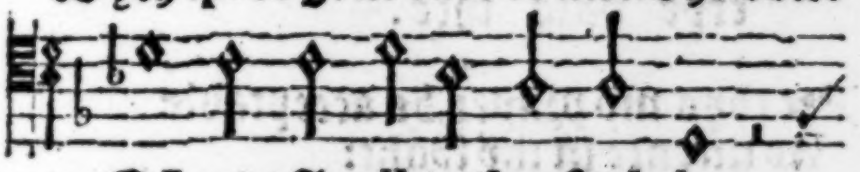
Pſalme C.xli.

Domine clamaui.

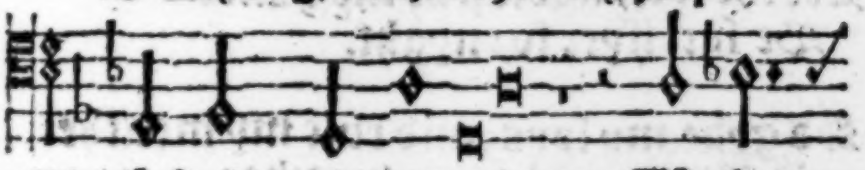


O Lorde I call, to thee for helpe

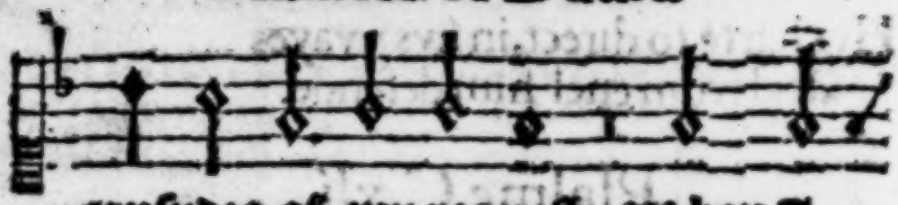
Wyth spede geue eare to me: The voice



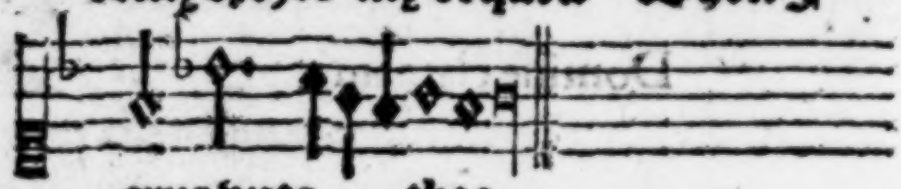
O Lorde I call, to thee for helpe



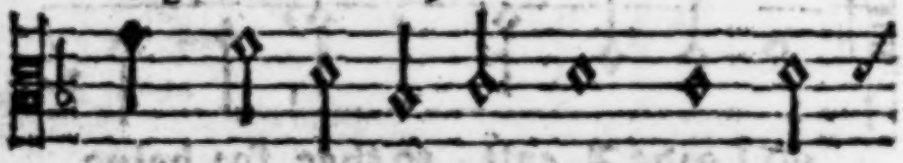
Wyth spede geue eare to me: The voyce



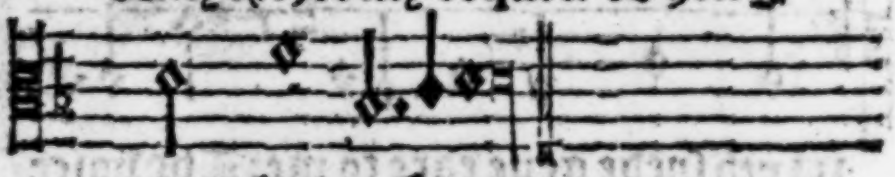
consydre, of my request when I



crye vnto thee.



consydre, of my request when I



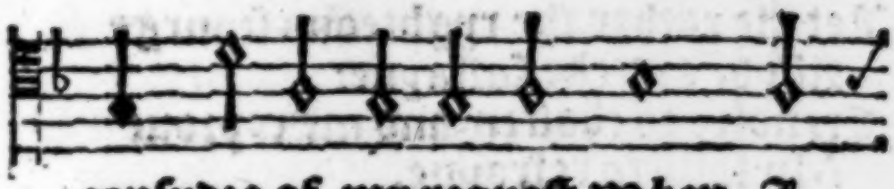
crye vnto thee.

Let thys my prayer, be acceptable
As incence in thy syght:
Let the lyftynge, vp of my hands
Be sacrifyce for nyght.

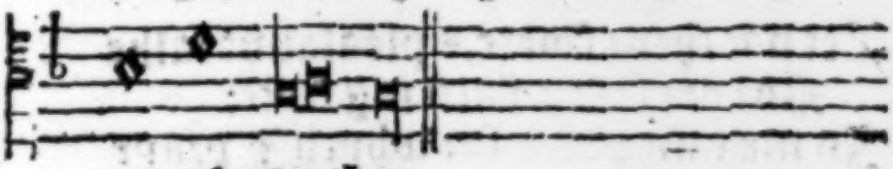
So gyde my lyps, and rule my mouthe
O Lorde prepaire a watche:
To kepe my tounge, from that speakyng
Wherby I may harme catch.

My

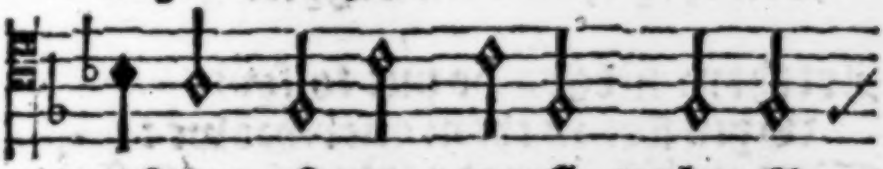
In Metre.



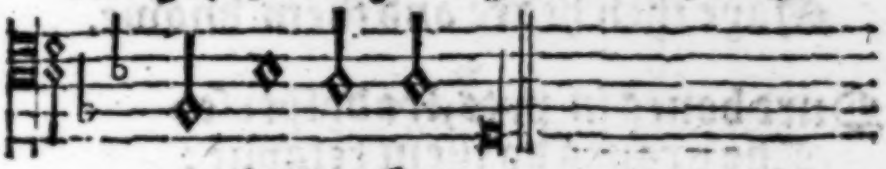
consydre, of my request when I



crye vnto thee.



consydre, of my request when I



crye vnto thee.

My harte to gouerne, I thee beseche
And eke so gyde and rule:
That it be not, inclyned to
The thinge wycked and euel.

Let me, the fellowshyppe forsake
Of the vngodly sect:
Lest that I taste, and such thinges do
As they shall well accept.

Let me rather, the rygheteous scourge
Abyde and eke sustayne:
Frendlye to chasten, and me reprouе
My folly to refrayne.

Let not theyr swete, & pleasaunt talke
Nor yet theyr flattring style:
In me take place, for whych I praye
Lest they should me begyle.

Let theyr iudges, be put to foyle
With stones them ouerthrowe:
That they my words, whiche are so swete
Maye then heare and them knowe.

Oure bones in pyts, lye dyspersed
The graues do them retayne:
As when we woode, on the earth heaw
A memory wyll remayne.

Myne eyes O Lorde, do the beholde
And haue to thee respect:
In thee is my, whole hope and trust
My soule do not reiect.

From the deuyce, and wyly snares
O Lorde delyuer me:
Of such as wauike, in wycked wayes
Worckinge iniquytye.

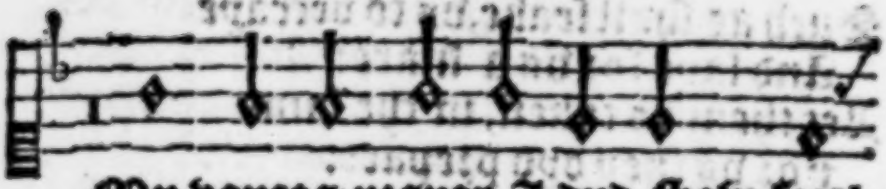
In Metre.

Such as shall seake, vs to betraye
And laye for vs a snare:
Let them be taken, in the same
For vs they dyd prepare.

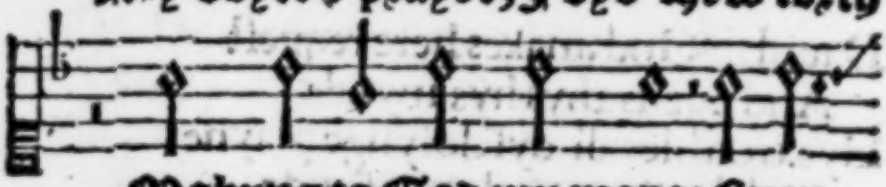
Dauid to God, makes here request
And opens thys hys mynde
Hys troubles all dysclosynge playne
And douts not helpe to fynde

Psalme C Xlii.

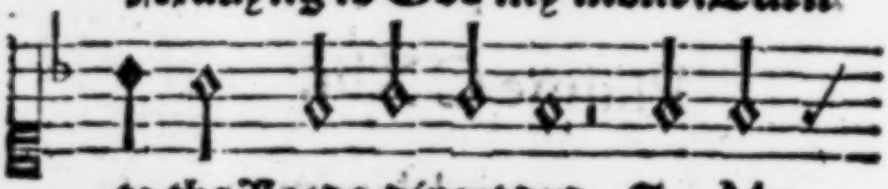
Voce mea ad dominum.



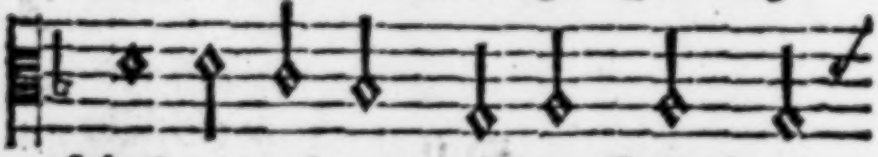
My voyce & prayer, I dyd ſhew forth



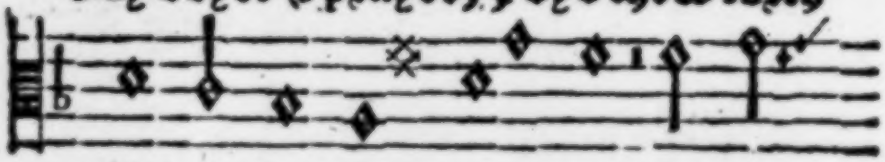
Making to God my mone: Euen



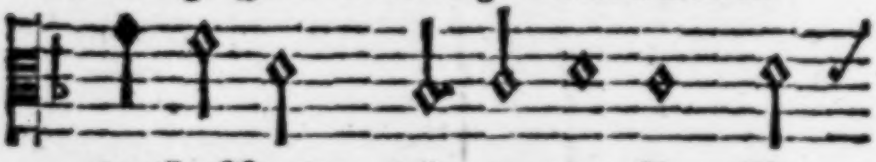
to the Lorde, direct dyd I My



My voyce & prayer, I dyd ſhew forth



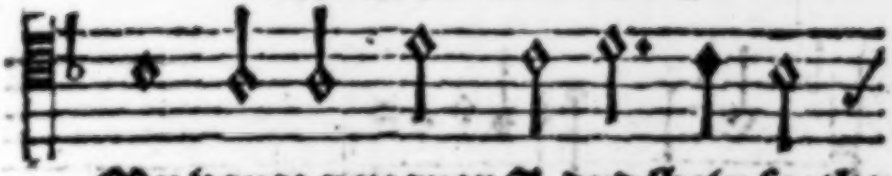
Making to God my mone: Euen



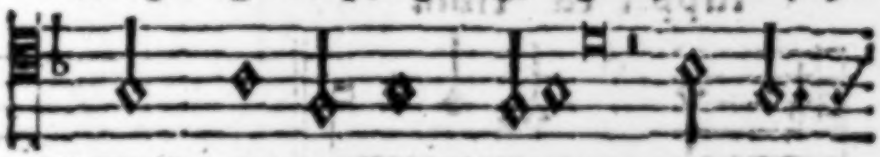
to the Lorde, direct dyd I My

ſup-

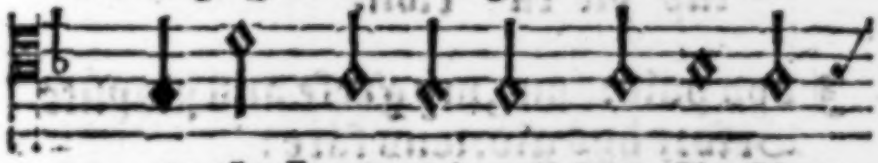
In Metre.



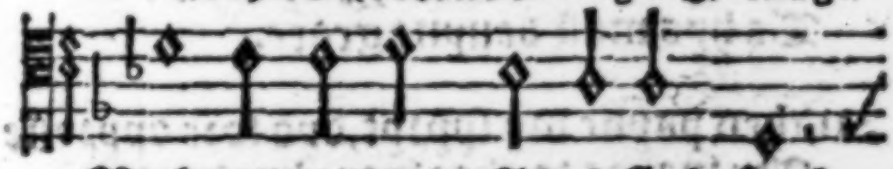
My voyce & prayer, I dyd shew forthe



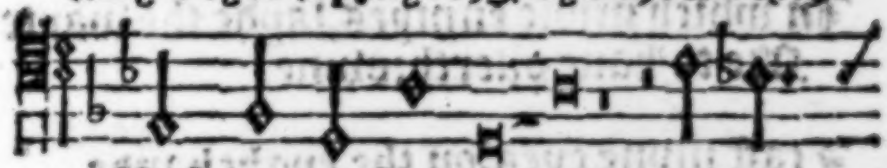
Makyng to God my mone: Euen



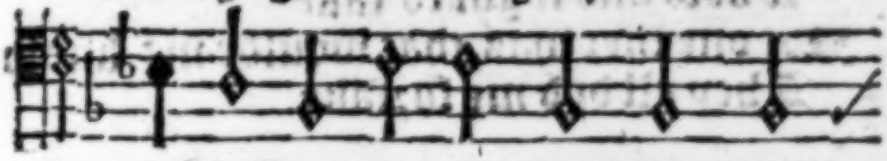
to the Lorde, direct dyd I My



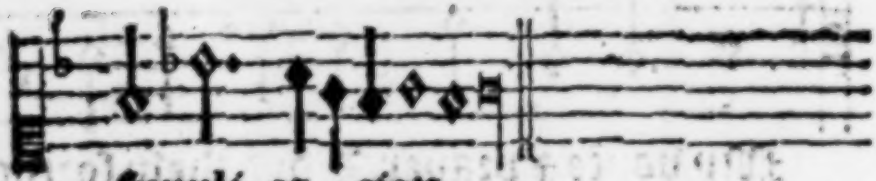
My voyce & prayer, I dyd shew forth

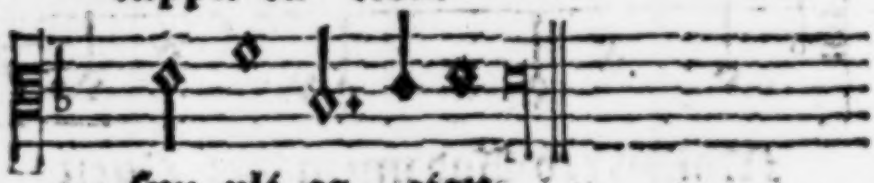


Makyng to God my mone: Euen



to the Lorde, direct dyd I My





I dyd powre out, my greſe and playnte
Before hys glorious face:
And my whole trouble, I dyſcloſed
To hys moſt deuyne grace.

When payne my ſpyryt, dyd ſore oppreſſe
My wayes to thee were knowne:
In which myne enmyes, layde the wayte
Me to haue ouerthrowne.

I caſt myne eyes, on the ryght hande
A vew and ſyght to take
Not one ther was, that wouldе me know
They all dyd me forſake

No place of refuge, nor ſuccour
Unto had I to aye:
As for my ſoule, not one ther was
That would it then pyttye.

Unto

In Metre.

supplí ca cion.

supplica cion.

Unto the Lorde, I spake and sayde
My voyce to him lyktinge:
Thou art my hope, and porcyon eke
In the lande of lyuynge.

Wo aye and consyder, well therfore
Thys my complaynt and crye:
For very lowe, I am now brought
Sustaynynge myserye.

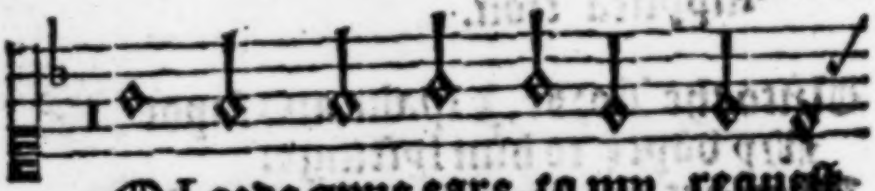
Delyuer Lorde, me from the hands
Of such as me pursue:
Whose myght & strength, is now so great
As wyll me cleane subdue.

My soule out of, prisone delyuer
Releace O Lorde the same:
That I maye gyue, & render thankes
Unto thyne holy name.

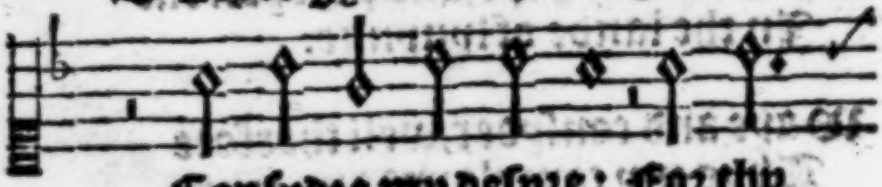
Which thynge O Lord, yt thou perform
And graunteſt vnto me:
All the righteous, then reſort wyll
Vnto my company.

Dauid of hys ſonne, afflycted
Doth vnto the Lorde crye:

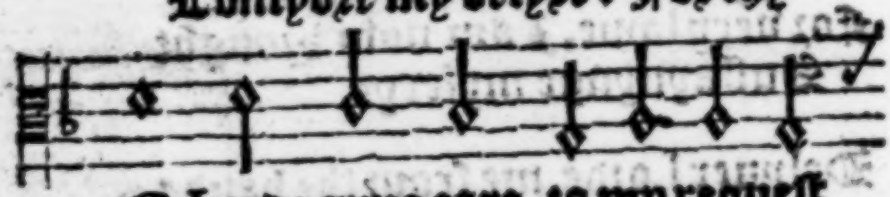
From



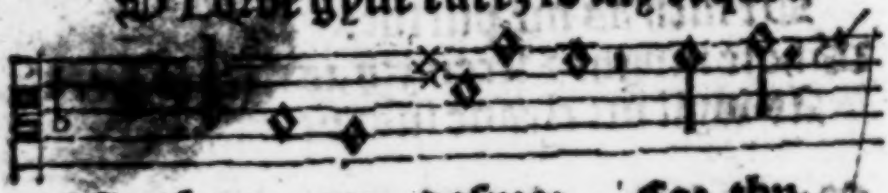
O Lorde gyue eare, to my requeſt



Conſydre my deſyre: For thy



O Lorde gyue eare, to my requeſt



Conſydre my deſyre: For thy

truety

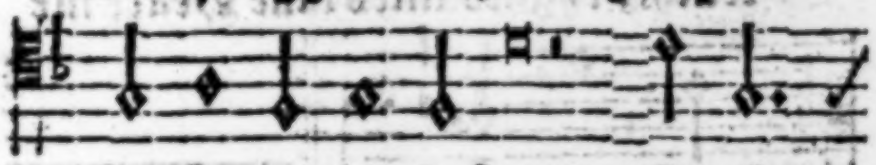
In Metre.

From his hands to, be delyuerd
And from hys tyrannye.

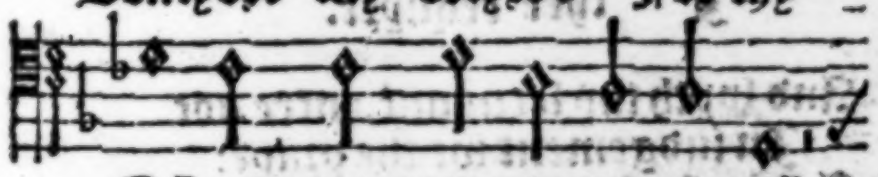
Psalme. C. xliii.

Domine exaude.

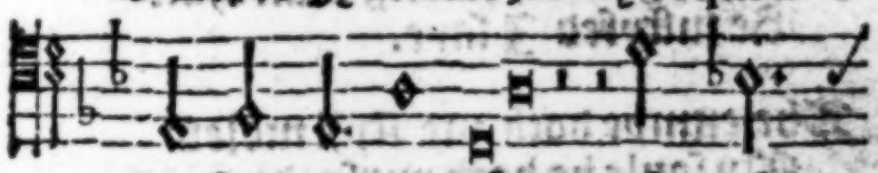
O Lorde gyue eare, to my request



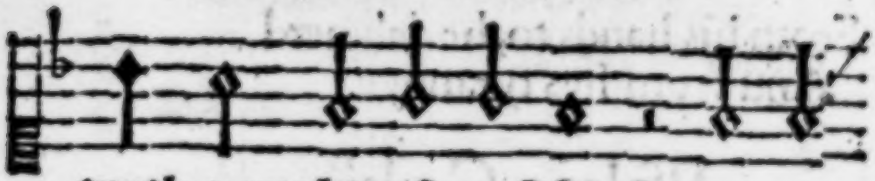
Consydre my desyre: For thy



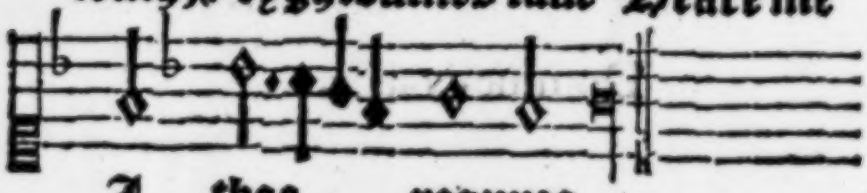
O Lorde gyue eare, to my request



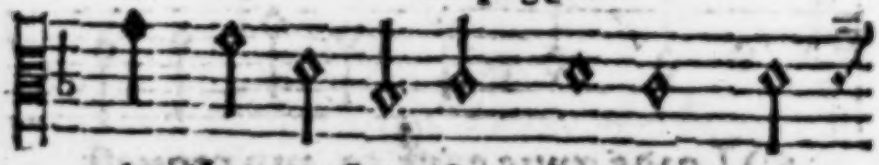
Consydre my desyre: For thy



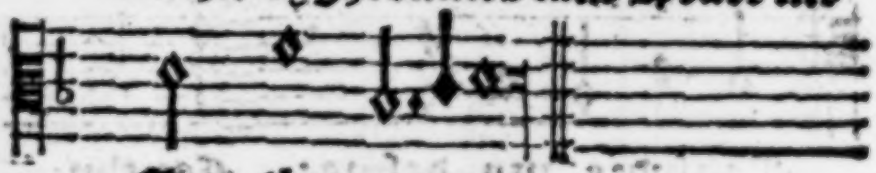
truth, & ryghtouſnes ſake Heare me



I thee requyre.



truth, & ryghtouſnes ſake Heare me

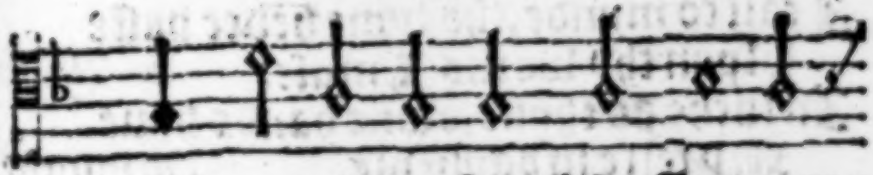


I thee requyre.

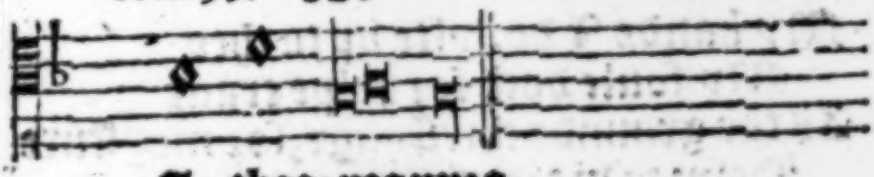
And wyth thy ſeruaunt, entre not
In iudgement we the praye:
In thy ſyght no, lyuyng man ſhall
Be iuſtyfed I ſaye.

The enmye doth, me ſtyll moleſt
My ſoule he hath purſued:
Proſtrate on earth, he hath me layde
And my lyfe cleane ſubdued.

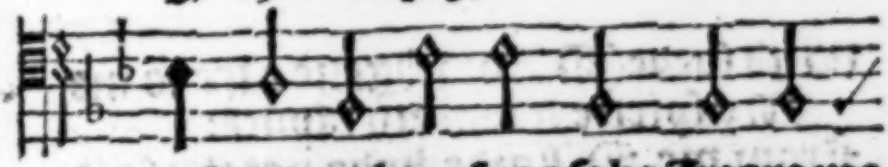
In Meter.



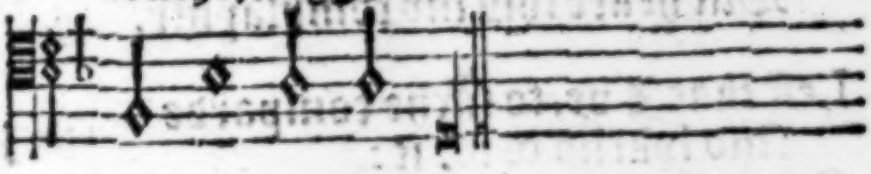
truth, & ryghtoulnes lake Heare me



I thee requyre.



truthe, & ryghtoulnes lake Heare me



I thee require.

He hath me throwne, in great darknes
And caste me in a raue:
Lyke vnto those that are hence gone.
And lye in pyt or graue.

My spyrite in me is sore vexed
Abydynge payne and grieke:
My harte in me, is desolate
Wantynge helpe and reliefe.

I call to mynde, the tyme hence passe
Upon thy works I muse:
In suche as thyne, owne hands haue
My selfe in dayly vse. (wrought

My hands I do, lyfte vp to thee
My soule doth for helpe craue
As the grounde thirstynge, for moysture
Desyres water to haue.

With spede (O Lorde) geue eare to me
My spirite it wareth faynte:
From me, O Lorde, hyde not thy face
But heare this my complaynte.

Lest that I be, to suche compared
And lykend to for it:
As are from hence, downe discended
To the infernall pyt.

O Lord beholde, that art my trust
The state wher in I stande:
Early in the, mornynge wyll I
Loke for helpe at thy hande.

My soule O Lorde, I do lyft vp
And directe vnto the:
The waye wherin, that I shall walke
Shewe thou Lord vnto me.

From

In Metre.

From the hands, of myne enemyes
O Lorde do me defende:
For vnto thee, do I now flye
Helpe Lorde vnto me sende.

The thinge to do, that shal thee please
O God do me instruct:
Thy lyuynge spryte, me to the lande
Of rightedusnes conduct.

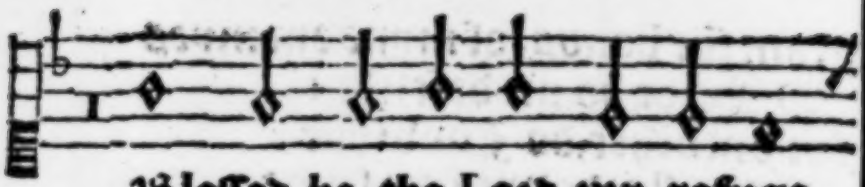
For thy name, and righteousnes sake
O Lorde reuyue my spryte:
My soule from all, aduersytie
Kyd and delyuer quyte.

Distroye thou Lorde, myne enemyes
That are to mischicke prest:
The soule of me, thy poore seruaunte.
They styll vex and molest.

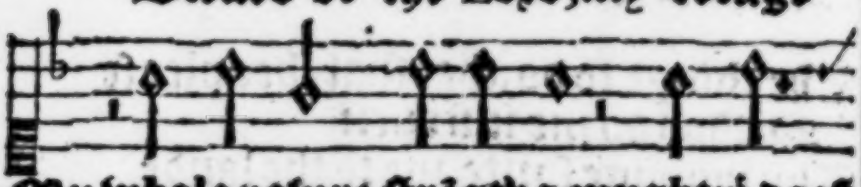
Out of the mouth, of vvicked men
Doth vvickednes procede:
Theyr due revvarde they shal receaue
Accordynge to theyr dede.

Psalme. C. xliij.

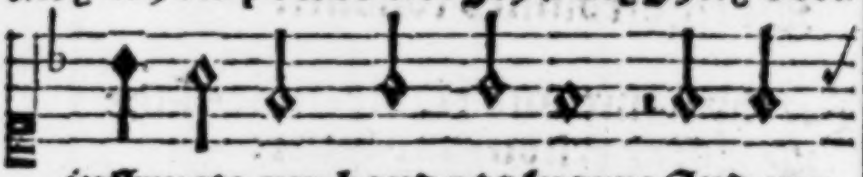
Benedictus dominus.



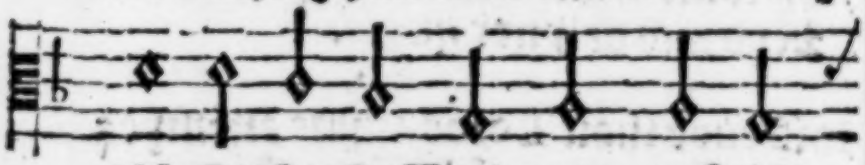
Blessed be the Lord, my refuge



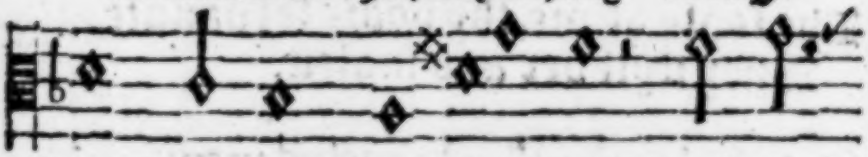
My whole powre strēgth & myght: ý doest



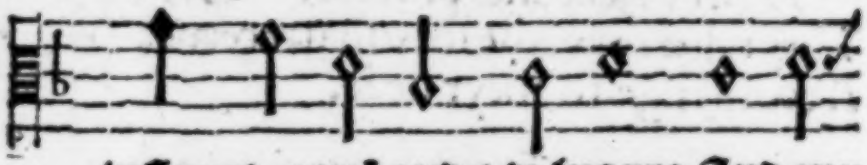
instructe, my hands to warre And my



Blessed be the Lorde, my refuge



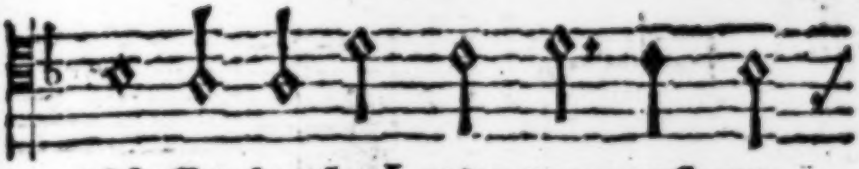
My whole powre strēgth & myght ý doest



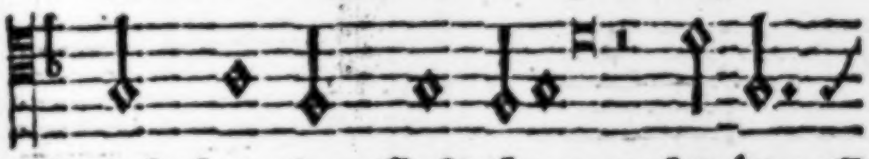
instruct, my hands to warre And my

Bles

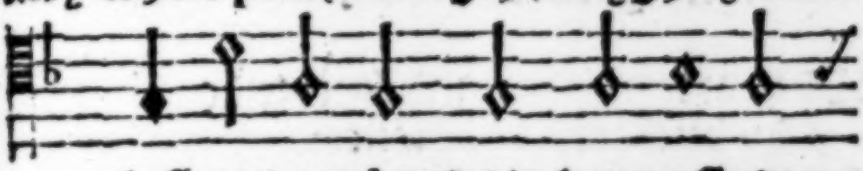
In Metre.



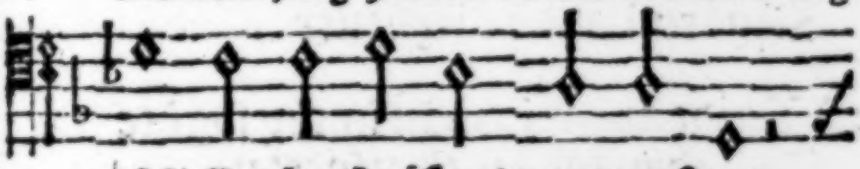
Blessed be the Lorde, my refuge



My whole powre strēgth & myght: ý doest

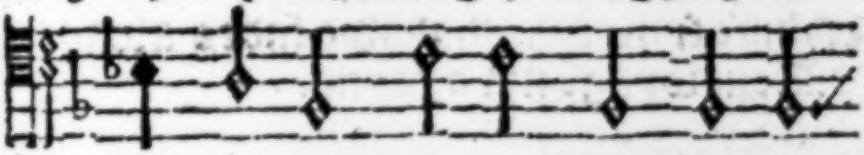


instruct, my hands to warre And my



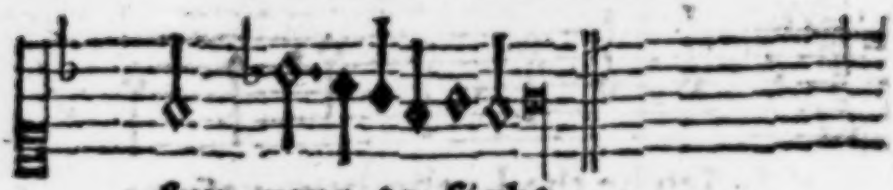
Blessed be the Lorde, my refuge

My whole powre strēgth & might: ý doest

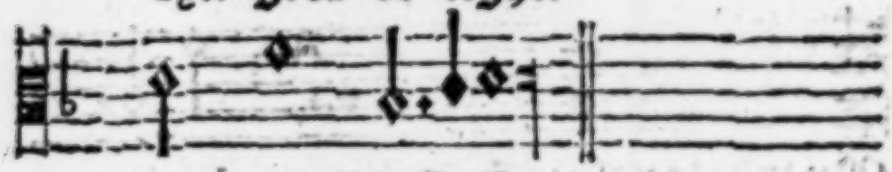


instruct, my hands to warre And my

fyne



kyn gers to fight.



kyn gers to fyght.

That art my hope, and fortytude
My buckler and defence:
Subduinge people, vnder me
My truſt and confydence

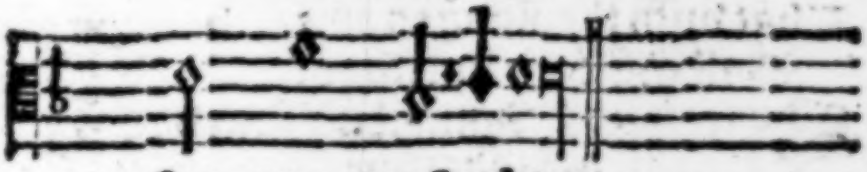
O Lorde, what is man in thy ſyghte
That thou taks ſuch reſpecte:
Unto his wayes, and doſt ſo much
Hym eſteme and accept.

The ſtate and lyke, of man may we
Repute to be as vayne:
Whoſe tyme lyke ſhadowe fades away
Renewynge not agayne.

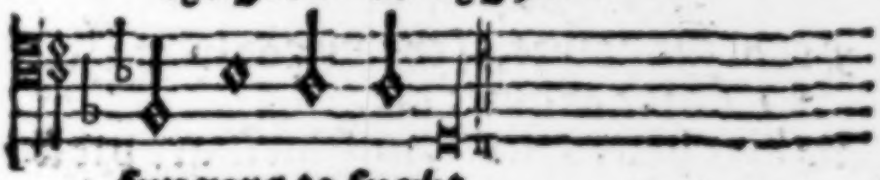
Bowe downe thyne heauen, from thence
To ſuch as thee prouoke: diſcende
The mountains touch, wherby thy powre
Shal forthwith make them ſmoke.

Caſte

In Metre.



fyngers to fyght.



fyngers to fyght.

Caſte forth thy lyghtnynge, them to feare
In thy great wrath and fume:
Out of thy bowe, thyne arows ſhote
Therby them to conſume.

Lord frō aboue, thy hande downe ſtretche
Thy helpe to me nowe ſende:
From the daunger, of the wycked
By thy powre me defende.

Whoſe mouth doth ſpeake, all vanitis
No truth is founde therin:
Their ryght hande is, an inſtrument
To commyt greuouſe ſynne.

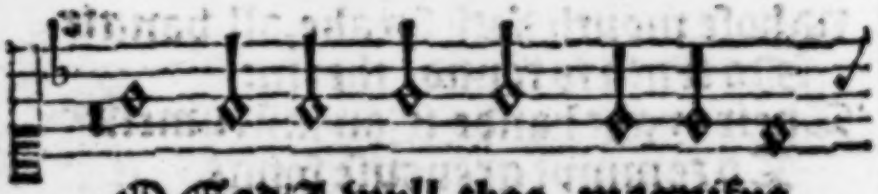
I wyll ſynge vnto thee, O God
Upon the lute alwayes:
A newe ſonge ſoundinge, on ten ſtryngs
Thy name to laude and prayſe.

That vnto the, kynges on earth
Dost gyue the vyctorye:
Thy seruaunt Dauid, hast saued
From all his ioberdye.

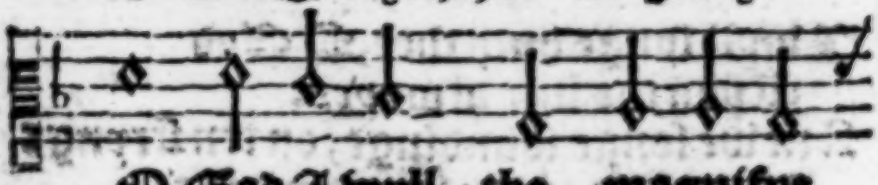
From the powre, of the vngodly
O Lorde delyuer me:
Whose hands to do, mischieke are prest
Their lyps talke vanytye.

Graunte that our sons, may grow and (crease
As younge plants on ẏ grounde:
Oure doughters to, be pure and cleane
Wyth verteous to abounde.

That our garnars, of corne may be
replenysht with greate store:
Our shepe and cattayle, to increase
In numbre more and more.



O God I wyll, thee magnifye



O God I wyll, the magnifye

In Metre.

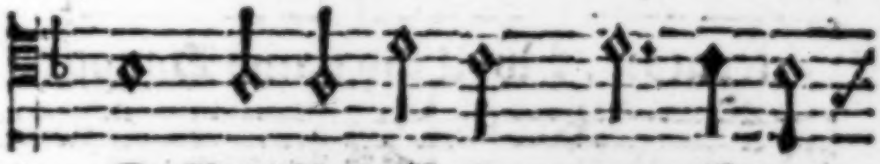
That scarsnes do, them not oppresse
The ore for laboure stronge:
No cause to vse, imprysoments
Nor complaynynge of wronge.

Happy maye we, all suche repute
And iudge them of that sorte:
To be blessed, that haue the Lorde
For theyr God and comforte.

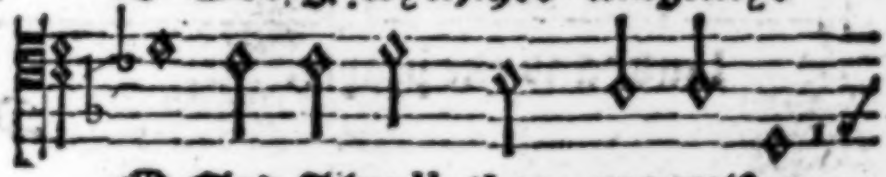
Hovve iuste the Lorde, is of hys vvorde
This psalme doth here recyte:
His goodnes greate, and mercye bothe
His glory and hys myght.

Psalme. C. xlvi.

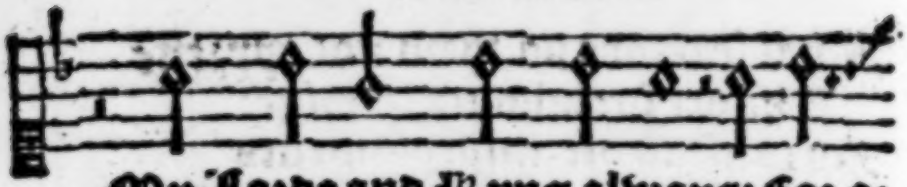
Exaltabo te deus.



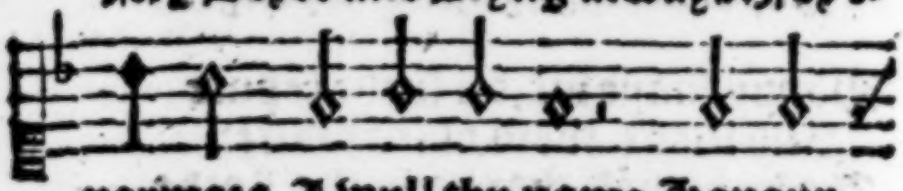
O God I wyll, thee magnifye



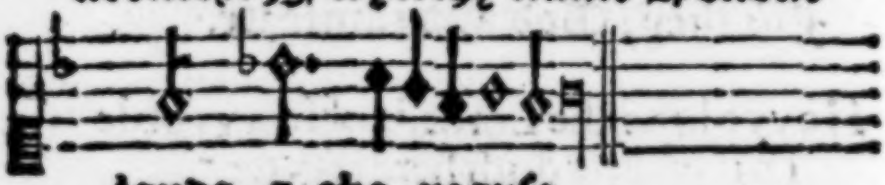
O God I wyll, thee magnifye



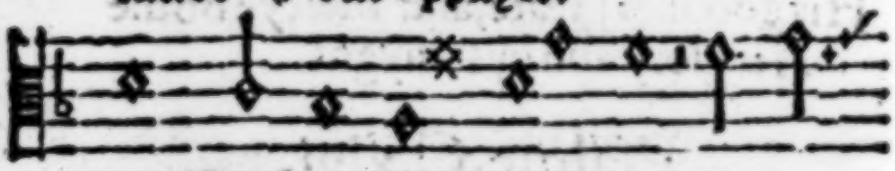
My Lorde and Kyng always: for e-



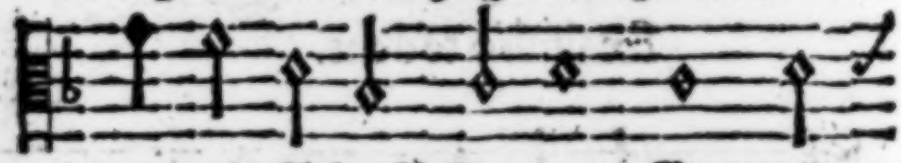
uermore, I wyll thy name Honour



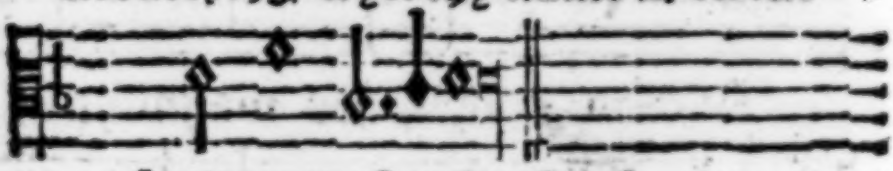
laude & eke prayſe.



My Lorde & Kyng always: for e-



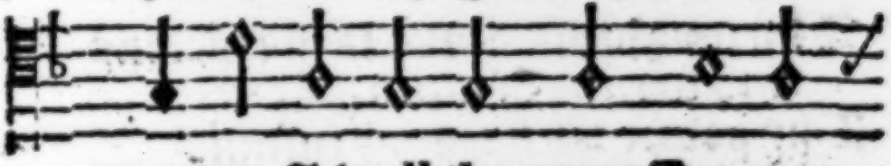
uermore, I wyll thy name Honour



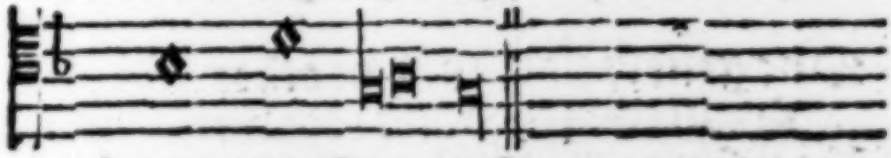
laude and eke prayſe.

In Metre.

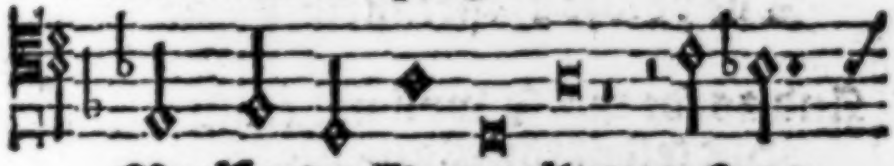
My Lorde & Kyng always: For e-



uermore, I wyll thy name Honour

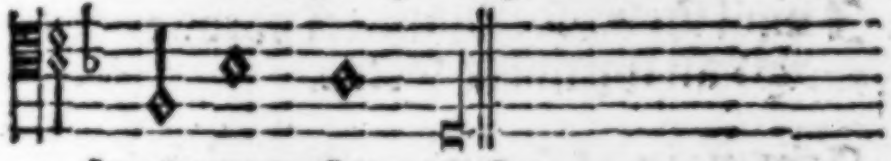


laude and eke prayse.



My Lorde & Kyng always: For e-

uermore, I wyll thy name Honour



laude and eke prayse.

Eche daye by daye, I wyll geue thanks
Unto thy maiestye:
And thy name prayse, for euermore
Lord for thy great mercy.

Thy myght O Lorde, is maruelous
And worthy of much prayse:
Thy powre O Lorde, is infinite
And dure it wyll alwayes.

One generacion, vnto an other
Shall thus saye and recorde:
Prayslynge thy works, & shewe therby
The powre of thee, their Lorde.

And as for me, I wyll not cease
But tell of thy glorye:
Of thy worshyp, and wonderous works
Thee for to magnifye.

All men shall speake, of thy great powre
And thy maruelous actes:
I wyll shewe forth, and tel abrode
Of all thy noble factes.

A memory, of thy mercy
I wyll shewe and erpresse:
So that men shall, vnto thee synge
Of thy righteousnes.

In Metre.

The Lords goodnes, is wondrous great
Whose grace is most plentye:
Longe sufferynge, our wickednes
And abounds with mercy.

The Lorde our God full louyng is
Unto eche creature:
Ouer his worcks, his mercy is
And wyll euer indure.

All thy worcks of, wondre O Lorde
Thee prayse and magnifye:
And al thy saints, do render thanks
Unto thy maiestie.

The glory great, of thy kyngdome
They do shewe and expresse:
And all their taulke, is for to tell
Of thy powre and goodnesse.

That thereby thy, glory and powre
Maye forth abrode be blowen:
And the greatnes, of thy kyngedome
Myght to all men be knowen.

Thy kyngedome is, euerlastynge
For euer to remayne:
And dure shal thy, dominion
In all ages to rayne.

The Lorde forgetteth, not the state
Of those that go astraye:
But rayseth vp, suche as are downe
To bryngе them to his waye.

The eyes here of, all lyuynge thyngs
On thee O Lorde attende:
And thou their meate, in due season
Dost then vnto them sende.

Thy greate goodnes, thou dost extende
When thy hande thou opnest:
Eche thynge lyuynge, with plenteousnes
With thy blessynge thou fyllest.

The Lord our God, in all his wayes
Is iuste and righteous bothe:
And holy is, in all his works
The witnes of his trothe:

Suche as vpon, the Lord do call
Shewynge theyr payne and griefe:
He dothe pyttye, their mysery
And ease them wyth reliefe.

The Lorde the desyre, wyll fulfyll
Of suche as do hym feare:
At nede he shal, ayde to them sende
And wyl their prayer heare.

In Metre.

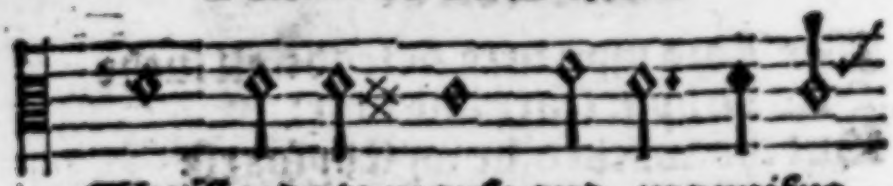
The Lord wyll sure, defende all suche
As do hym feare and loue:
But the wycked, he wyll dysparse
And their doynges reproue.

My mouth O Lord, for euermore
Shall speake vnto thy prayse:
All creatures to, thyne holy name
Shall render thanks alwayes.

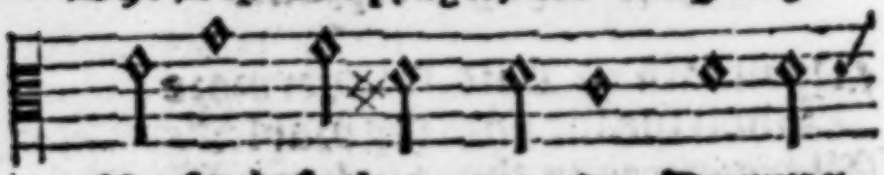
To put oure trusse, onely in God
vve are here playnly taught:
And hym to prayse, for all his vworks
That heauen and earth hath vvrought.

Psalme. C xlvi.

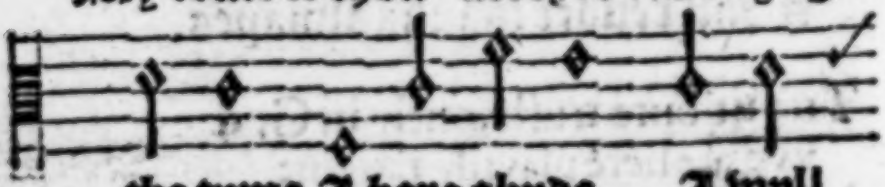
Lauda Anima mea.



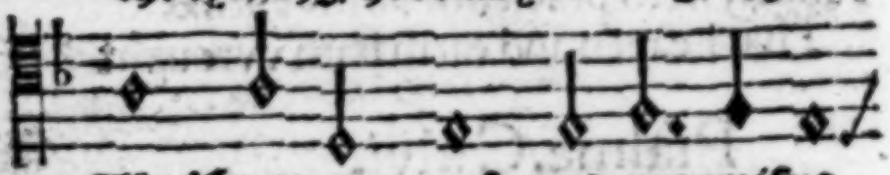
The Lorde to prayſe, and magnifye



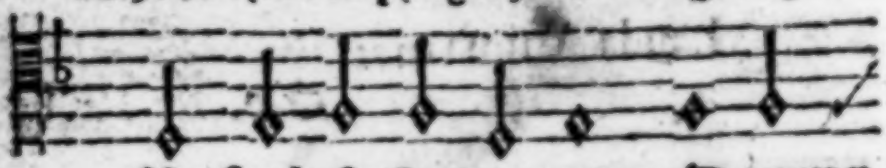
My ſoule ſe thou accorde: Duryng



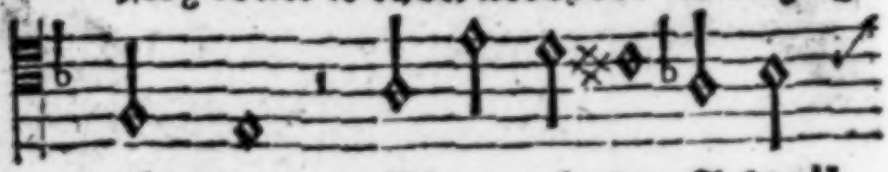
the tyme, I here abyde I wyll



The Lorde to prayſe, and magnifye



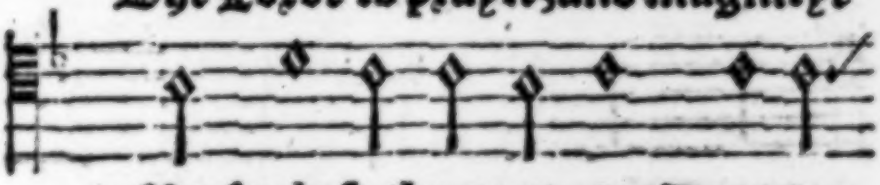
My ſoule ſe thou accorde: Duryng



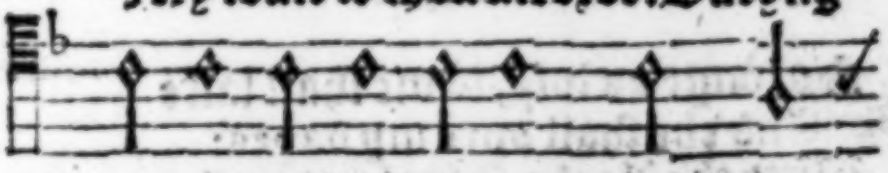
the tyme, I here abyde I wyll

In Meter.

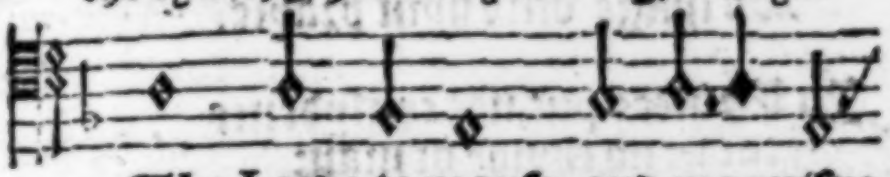
The Lorde to prayse, and magnifye



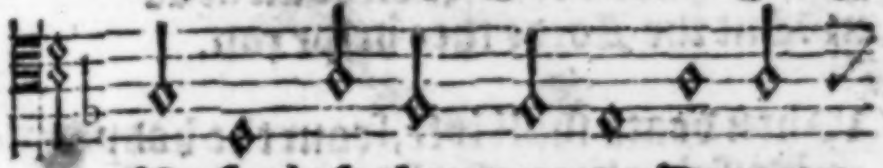
My soule se thou accorde: Duryng



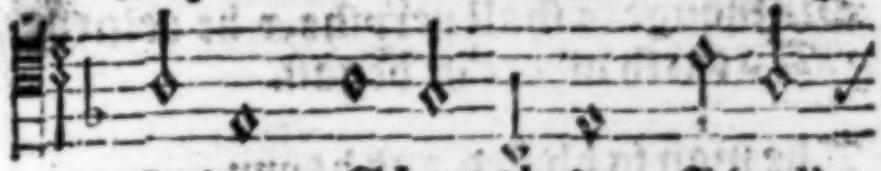
the tyme, I here abyde I wyll



The Lorde to prayse, and magnifye



My soule se thou accorde: Duryng



the tyme, I here abyde I wyll

prayſe thee O Lorde.

prayſe thee O Lorde.

So longe as lyke, in me ſhall laſte
And eke ſhall dure my dayes:
Unto the Lorde, I wyl not ceaſe
To ſynge vnto hym prayſe.

In Princes put, not confydence
Nor in no chylde of man:
For they are voyde, euen of all ayde
But the Lorde thee helpe can.

When death ſhall lyke, from the body
Diſſolue here of eche man:
His thoughts ſhall peryſhe, & he returne
To earth where he began.

The man is bleſſed, and happy
Whome Jacobs God doth ayde:
And he whoſe hope, and confydence
Upon the Lorde is ſtayed.

Whiche

In Metre.

praylse thee O Lorde.

praylse thee O Lorde.

Whiche did the heauen, the earth and sea
And all that therein is:
Fashon and make, and doth styll keps
For euer his promyse.

Which will to right, all them resfore
That suffer iniurye:
And doth agayne, prouyde to fede
Suche as be hungerye.

The Lorde wyl lose, and eke deliuer
Suche as in prylson be:
And to the blynde, syght dothe resfore
Of them that can not se.

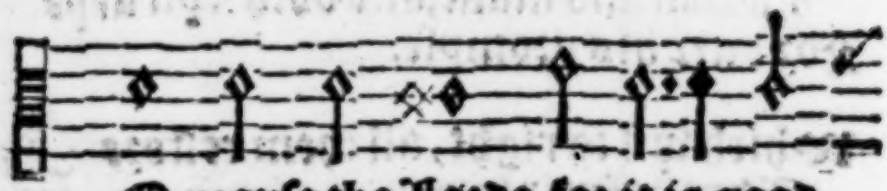
The Lorde dothe helpe, vnto such sende
As fall and go astraye:
As for the iuste, and ryghteouse sorte
He taketh care alwaye.

The

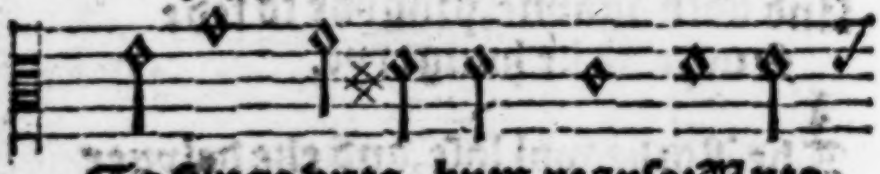
The Lorde the state, of straungers doth
Regarde and esteame muche:
The wyddowe, and the fatherlesse
Defende he wyll all suche.

As for the wayes, of the wycked
The Lorde full well doth knowe:
But he wyll turne, it vpse downe
And them cleane ouerthrowe.

The Lord thy God, O Syon shall

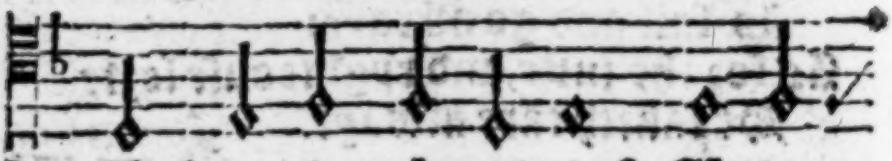


O prayse the Lorde, for it is good



To synge vnto hym prayse: Vnto

O prayse the Lorde, for it is good



To synge vnto hym prayse: Vnto

The

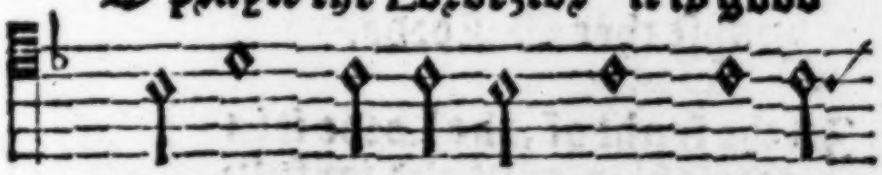
In Metre.

Be gyde of all nacions:
And shal be kynge for euermore
Thorowout all generacions.

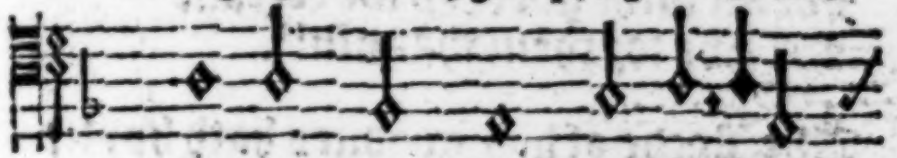
THE povver of God, here se vve may
His vvorks and vvhat they be:
His glorye greate, and vvysedome pure
Hys myght and maiestie.

Psalme C.xlvii.
Laudate Dominum.

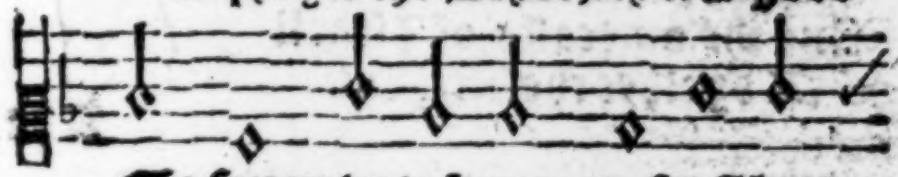
O praise the Lorde, for it is good



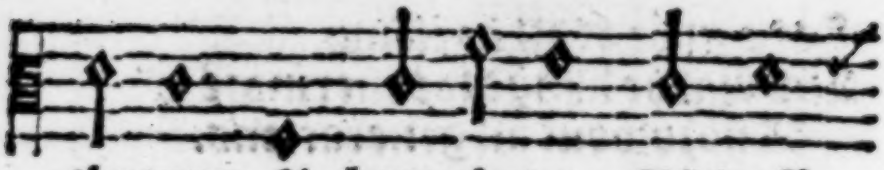
To synge vnto hym praise: Unto



O praise the Lorde, for it is good

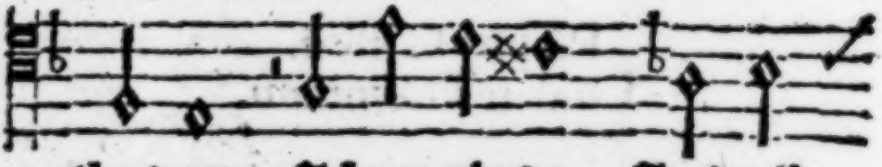


To synge vnto hym praise: Unto

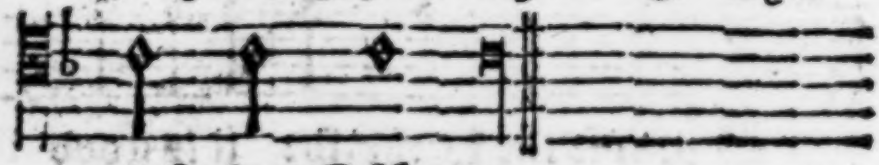


the tyme, I here abyde I wyll

prayſe thee O Lorde.



the tyme, I here abyde I wyll

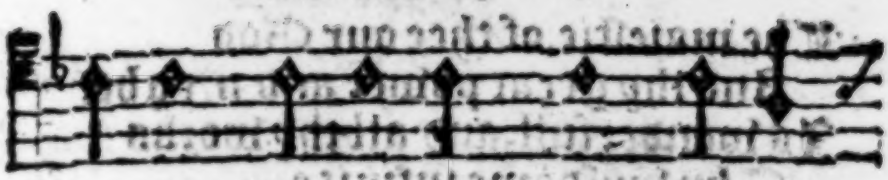


prayſe thee O Lorde.

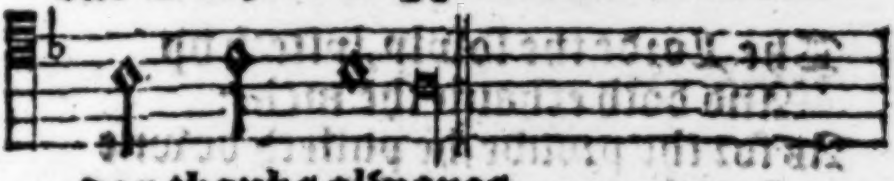
In the ſyght of, the Lorde it is
Moſt pleaſaunt and ioyfull:
For all ſuche gyfts as we receaue
To be for them thankfull.

The Lorde of hys, goodnes hath buylte
Agayne Ieruſalem:
And the outecaſts, of Iſraell
Together choſen them.

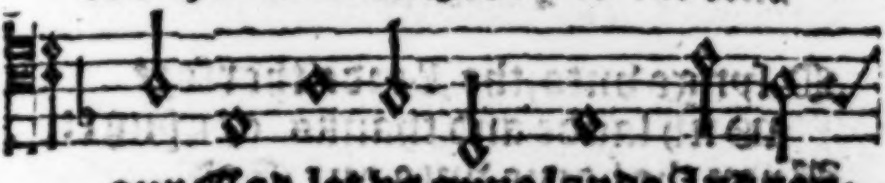
The



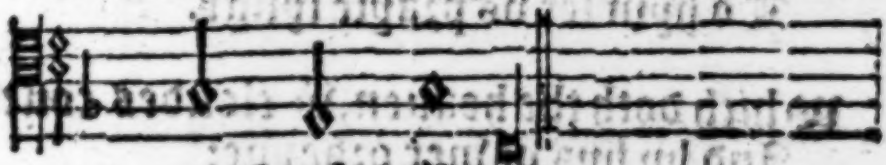
our God, let vs gyue laude And ren-



der thanks alwayes.



our God, let vs gyue laude And ren-



der thanks alwayes.

The Lorde wyl them, of contrite hearte
To health agayne restore:
For he medcyns, wyl geue to cure
Their sicknes and their sore.

The stars in numbre, he doth knowe
Justlye countynge the same:
And at hys pleasure, calleth them
In orderye by theyr name.

The maiestie, of thee our God
And thy great power and myghe:
Is wonderfull, and all thy works
Thy wysdome infinite.

The Lorde the lowly, lyfteth vp
And doth exhault the meke:
As for the proude, he pulleth downe
And the vngodlye eke.

O synge vnto, the Lorde therfore
With laude and thanks geuynge:
Vpon the harpe, vnto our God
To hym let vs prayse synge.

Which doth the heauen, w̄ cloudes couer
And by hys power ordayne:
The earthe to serue, when nede requirs
In his due tyme with rayne.

Wherby the gralle, doth grow & spryngs
Vpon high mountaynes than:
The earthe it maks, to bringe forth herbs
To serue the vse of man.

Whiche for catell, fodder prouids
By power celestiall:
And the yong Rauens, lykwyse doth fede
When they vpon hym call.

The Lorde taks no, pleasure at all
In the strength of an horse:
Neyther delyghts he in mans legs
Nor in hys myght and force.

Suche as do feare, and dred the Lorde
In those delyghteth he:
And taketh pleasure, in all them
That trust in hys mercye.

Laude and prayse O, Jerusalem
The Lorde that is on hye:
O Syon se, thou prayse thy God
And do hym magnifye.

For he thy gates, so sure hathe made
And with bars them so bounde:
All the chyldren, he hath blessed
That may in thee be founde.

The whole borders, thorowe out he doth
With peace indue and blysse:
And with great aboundaunce of wheate
He doth it replenyshe.

He sendeth forth, vpon the earth
Hys commaundment to vs:
Hys worde it is, of race so swift
As cal we may wondrous.

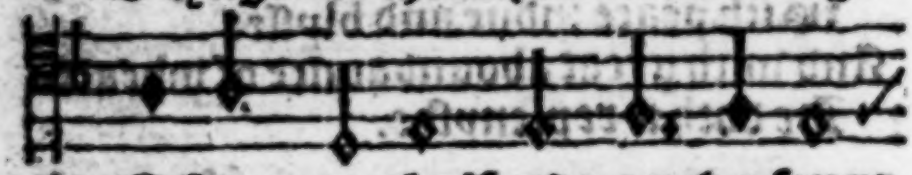
By deuine powre he geueth ſnowe
On earth lyke vnto wooll:
And the hoare froſte, lyke to aſhes
The grounde he ſcatters full.

The yce abrode, he doth diſparſe
In peces to remayne:
Thy froſt ſo colde, who is able
To abyde and ſuſtayne.

When he commaundeth by hys worde
It then diſſolues agayne:
And by the powre, euen of hys wynde
The waters flowe amayne.

Hys lyuely worde, vnto Jacob

O ſynge to the Lorde a newe ſonge



O ſynge to the Lorde, a newe ſonge

In Metre.

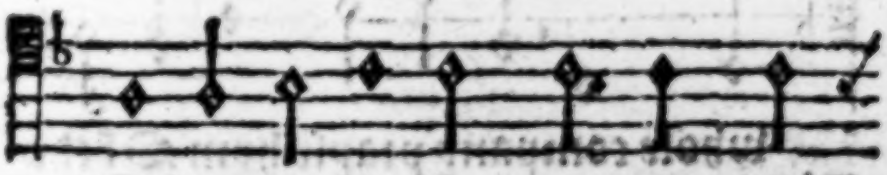
He doeth vtter and tell:
Hys lawes and hys, ordinaunces
He sheweth Israell.

He hath not so, louingly dealt
With any other nacion:
For in hys lawes, are ignorauunt
The Heathen congregacion.

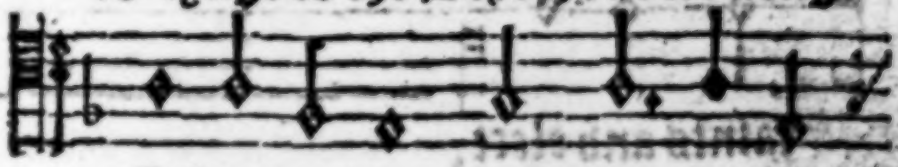
The iust vvith ioye, maye here reioyce
In God vvho doth regarde:
Their lovvely meke and contrite hearts
Full vvell he vvyll regarde.

Psalm C.xlix.

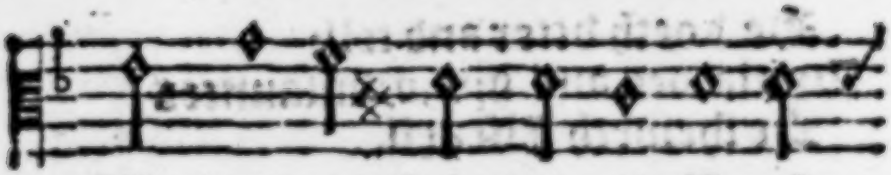
Cantate Domino.



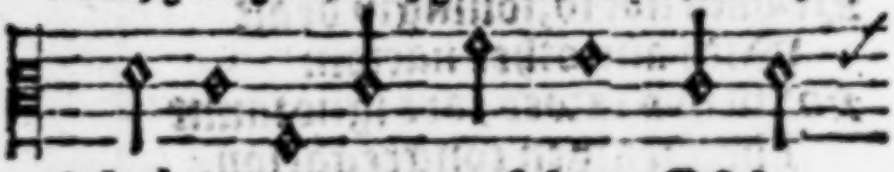
O synge to the Lorde, a newe songe



O synge to the Lorde, a newe songe



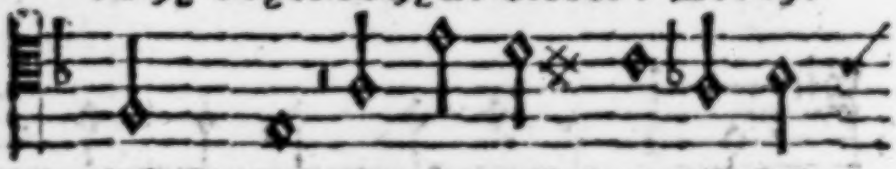
Thy voyce to hym direct: Let the



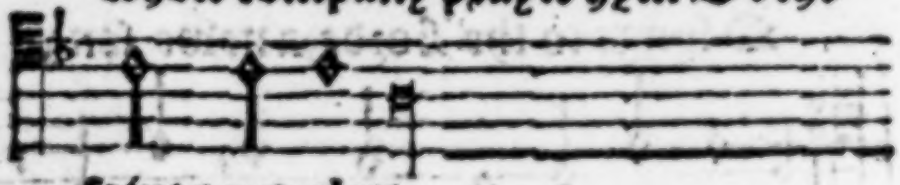
whole company prayſe hym Of the

ſaincts and elect.

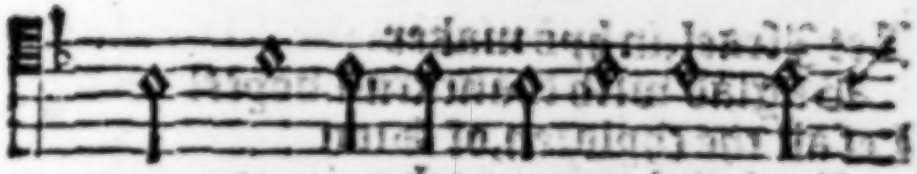
Thy voyce to hym direct: Let the



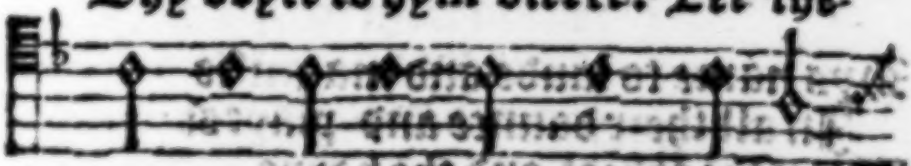
whole company prayſe hym Of the



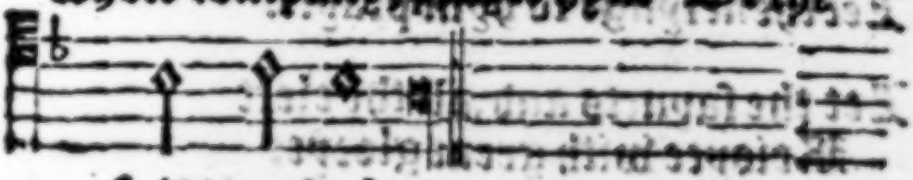
ſaints and elect.



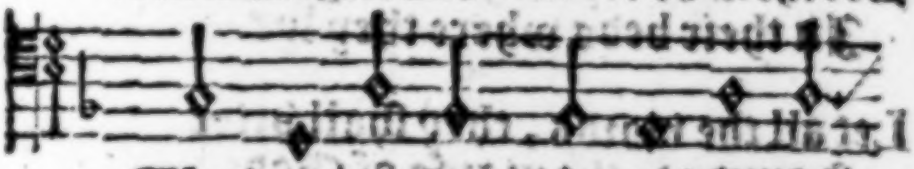
Thy voyce to hym direct: Let the



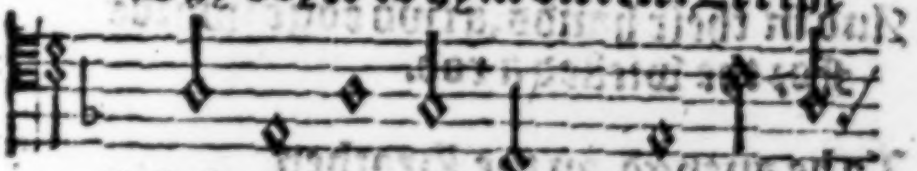
whole company, prayse hym. Of the



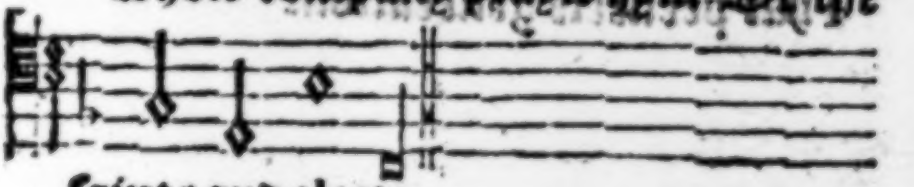
saints and electe.



Thy voyce to hym directe: Let the



whole company prayse hym. Of the



saints and electe.

Let Israel, in hys maker
Be glad with thanckfull voyce:
Let all the chyldren, of Sion
In their kynge much reioyce.

Hys name to laude and magnifie
In all their daunce and playes:
Upon the tabret, and the harpe
Let them synge to hym prayse.

Let the saynets and, all the elect
Reioyce with great glorye:
Let them be ioyfull, and ryght glad
In their beds where they lye.

Let all the words, they shall vtter
Sounde to the prayse of God:
And in their hands, a two edge sworde
For the wicked a rod.

To be auengd, on the Heathen
That perverse generation:

In Metre.

Puttynge the people, to repyrose
To shame and great vexacion.

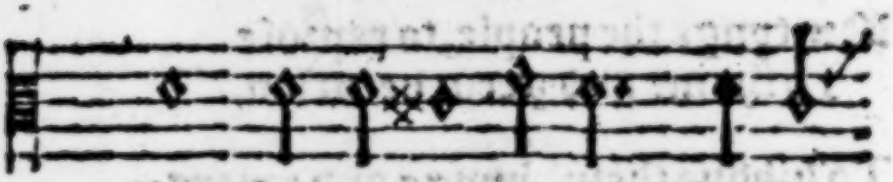
To subdue their, kyngs and rulers
And nobles of their lands:
Castynge them, in captiuitie
Into stronge yron bandes.

That they on them, may be auenged
Euen as it is wrytten:
Suche honour haue, all the elect
From the Lorde aboue geuen.

The sure hope, truste, and confidence
That he had on the Lorde:
Is here expreſt, and manifest
As thys Psalme doth recorde.

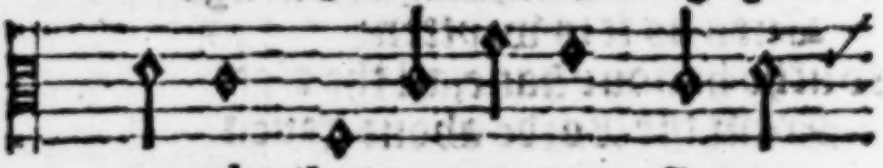
Psalme. C. xliii.

Iudica me Deus.

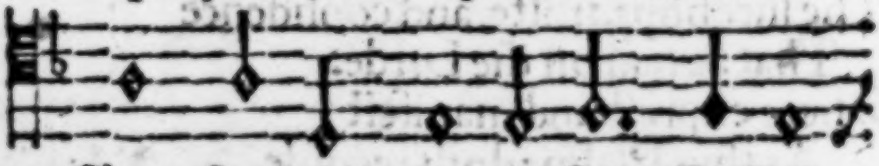


Gyue ſentence on, my ſyde O God

And eke my cauſe defende: Agayn ſt

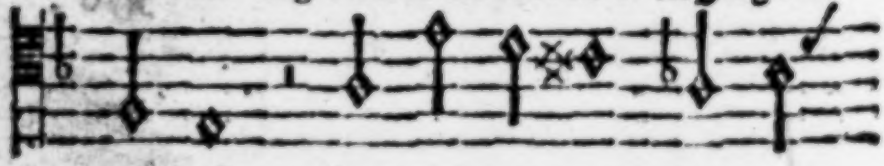


people, that are peruert And to



Gyue ſentence on, my ſyde O God

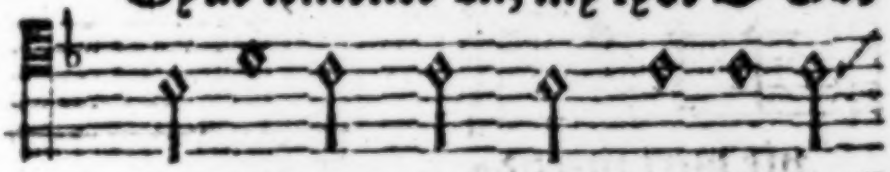
And eke my cauſe defende: Agayn ſt



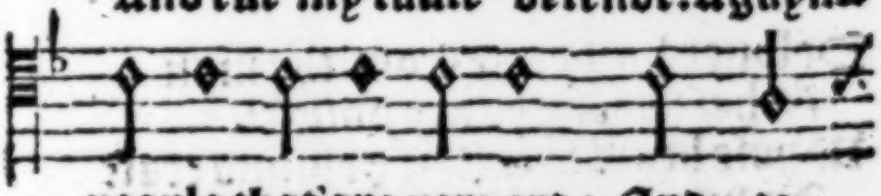
people that are peruert And to

In Metre.

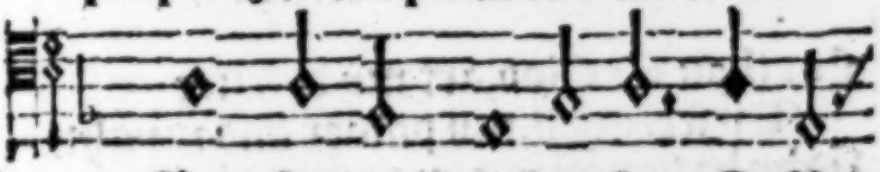
Gyue sentence on, my syde O God



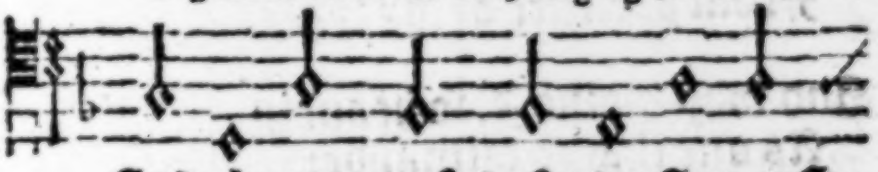
And eke my cause defende: Agaynst



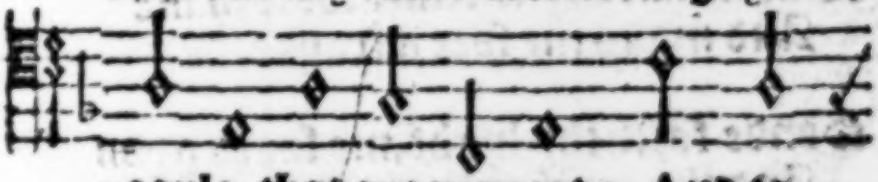
people that are peruert: And to



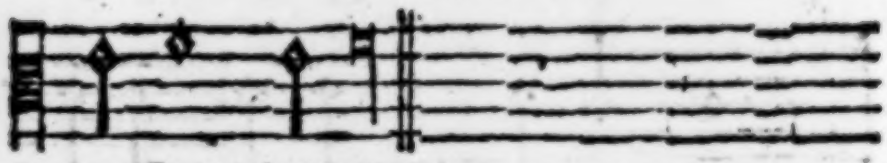
Gyue sentence on, my syde O God



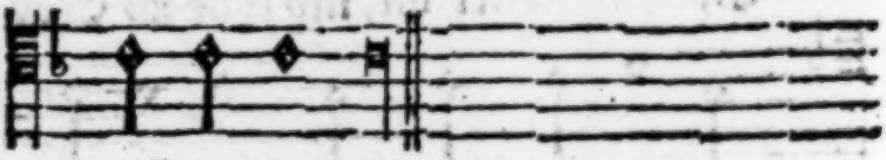
And eke my cause defende: Agaynst



people, that are peruert: And to



me hurt intende.



me hurt intende.

Delyuer Lorde, me from the man
Whose doynges are vniuſt:
Whose heart is full, of gyle and craft
In whome there is no truſt.

For thou O God, art my defence
My ſtrength, my power and myght:
Why haſt thou put, me quite awaye
From preſence of thy lyght.

And why walke I, ſo heauely
As one that is diſmayde:
Whyle that myne enmy, vexeth me
And maks me ſore affrayde.

Sende forth thy lyght, me for to gyde
And thy truth me to tell:
They ſhal me leade, vnto the place
Where thou doſt byde and dwell.

They

In Metre.

me hurt intende.

me hurt intende.

They shall me straypght, and sure conduct
Unto thy holye hyll:
Where I wyll then, remayne and hyde
On thy most blessed wyll.

Then shall I in, thy presence come:
With glad and thanckful voyce:
Of thee my God, that maks my youth
In thee muche to reioyce.

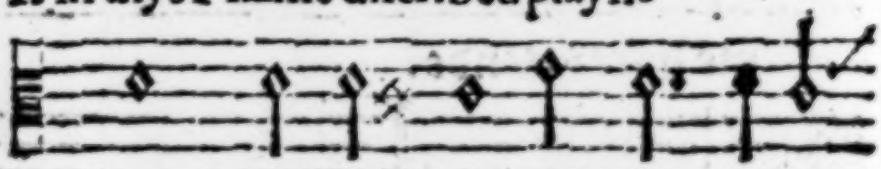
O God vpon, the harpe I shall
Thee prayse and magnifye:
Why art thou heauye, O my soule
And dost thus trouble me.

In God put trust, and confidence
And gene vnto hym prayse:
He is my hope, he is my health
And eke my God Alwayse.

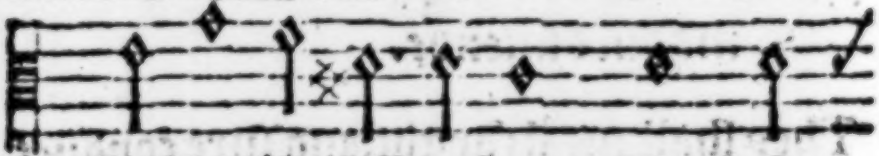
Howe

Psalmes of Dauid

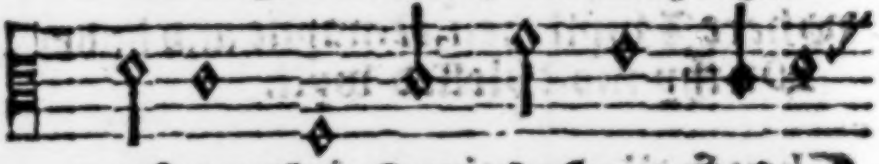
Hovve much God doth the slaundrous man
Abhorre hate and dispyse:
Is in thys Psalme discribed playne



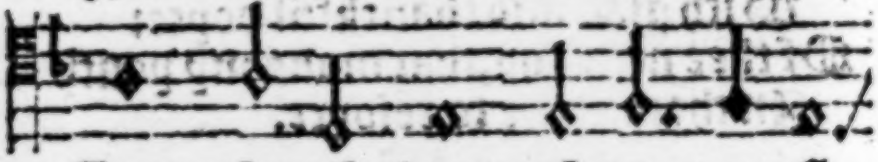
Heare thys the voyce, of my request



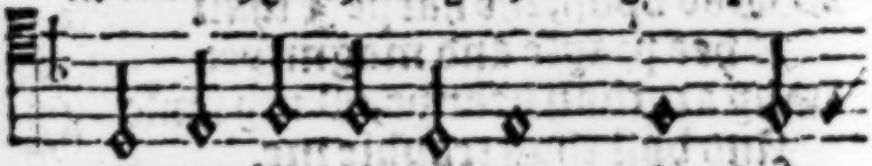
O God I call to thee: My lyfe



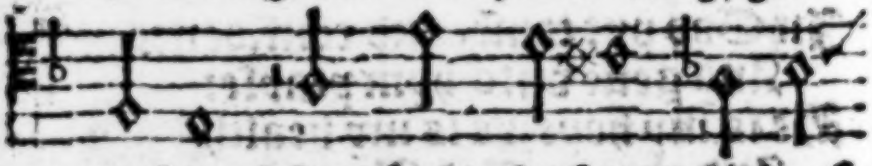
preserue, thou from the feare Now of



Heare thys the voyce, of my request



O God I call to thee: My lyfe



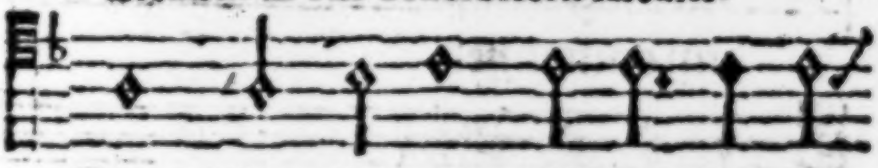
preserue, thou from the feare Now of

In Metre.

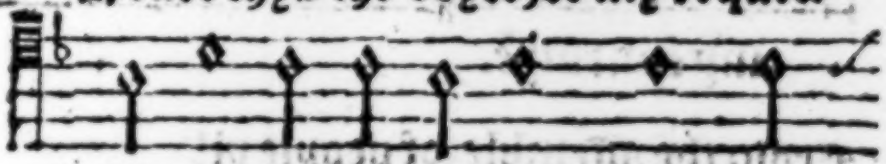
Euen open to oure eyes.

Psalme Lxiiij

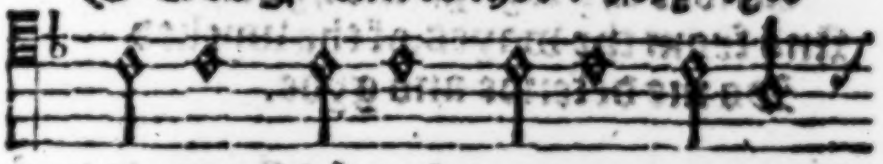
Exaudi Deus orationem meam.



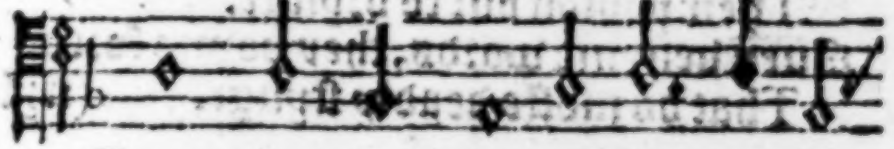
Heare thys the voyce, of my request



O God I call to thee: My lyfe

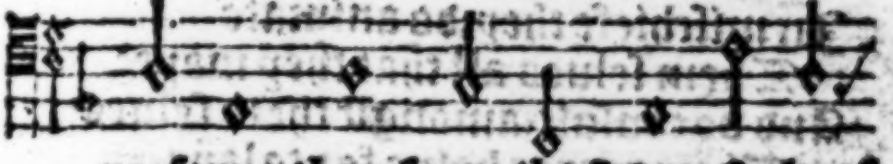


preserue, thou from the feare Now of

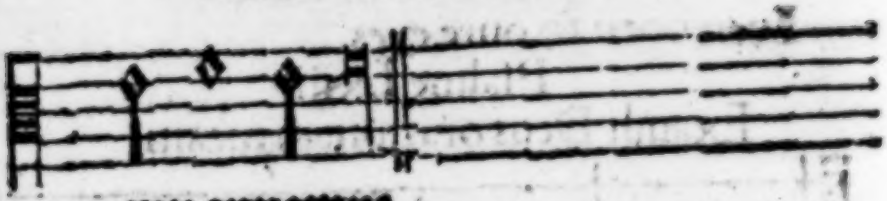


Heare thys the voyce, of my request

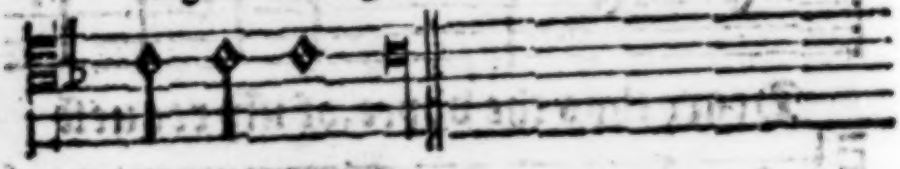
O God I call to thee: My lyfe



preserue, thou from the feare Now of



my ennemye.



my ennemye.

From the assemble, of people yll
Under thy wyngs mee hyde:
And from the wayes, of the wycked
Do me defende and gyde.

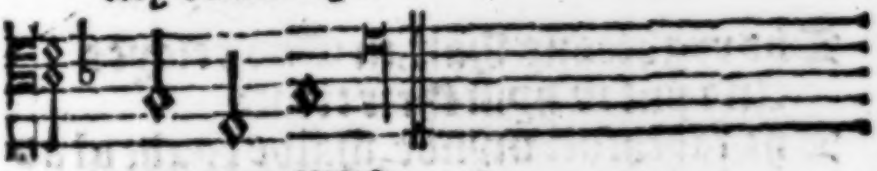
Their tungs they whet, the sharpe to make
Their poyson out to bryngе:
Even venyme words, they powre forth
That do moste deadly stynge. (styll

That they maye priuely, hurt and noye
The Iust and the elect:
They nothynge feare, for to slaunder
The man that is perfect.

In mischiefe they, do animate
Them selues all that they maye:
And do consult, amongst them selues
Their snares howe for to laye.

And

my ennemye.



my ennemye.

And bouldly say, eche to other
No man there is at all:
That can bewraye, what we wyl do
So secret worke we shall.

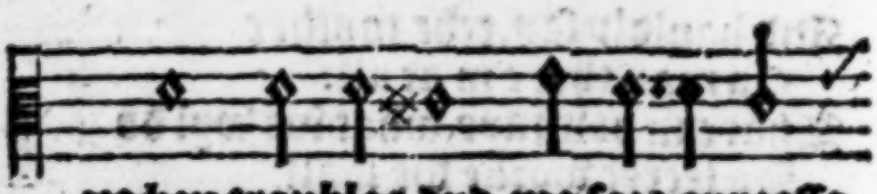
They mischiefe in, their hearts ymagen
And that they put in vre:
Which they kepe closse amonge the selues
And thynke all safe and sure.

But sodaynlye, God shall start vp
And them all straygh confounde:
With bowe then bent, with arrows prest
He shall them depelye wounde.

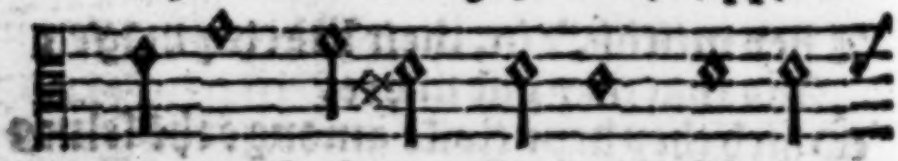
Yea their owne tounges, shalbe the cause
That they shall fall and slyde:
And all suche as, do them behoulde
Shal their doynges deryde.

And suche as shall, then se their fall
Wyll saye thys is Gods act:
For they shall playne, perceyue it all
To be hys worcke and fact.

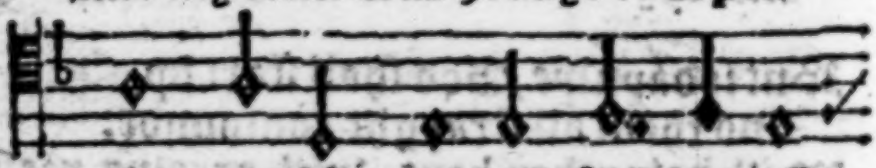
The rygheteous shall, in God reioyce
And put in hym their trust:
The faythfull mynde, shalbe ryght glad
Whose heart is true and iuste.



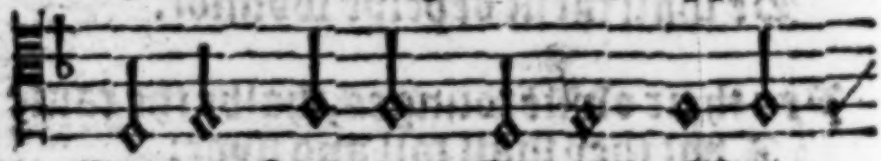
When troubles dyd, me sore oppresse



And my soule was heauye: Upon



When troubles dyd, me sore oppresse



And my soule was heauye: Upon

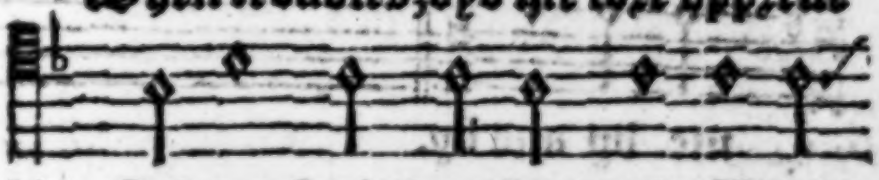
In Metre.

THE due revvarde, to lyinge lyps
Is here expressed playne:
VVhose toungs do vtter, all disceate
And do but glose and fayne.

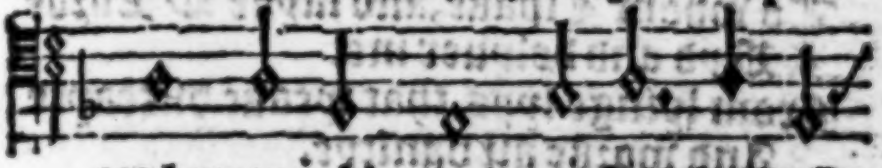
Psalme. C.xx.

Ad Dominum cum tribularet.

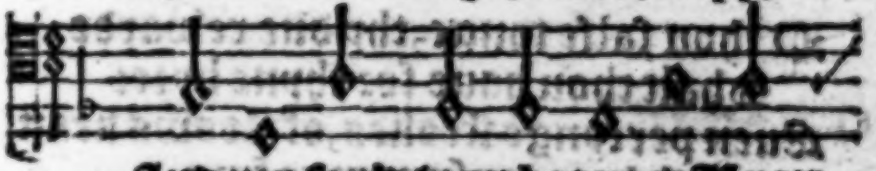
When troubles, dyd me sore oppresse



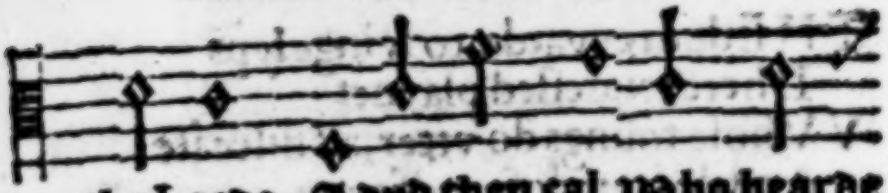
And my soule was heauye: Upon



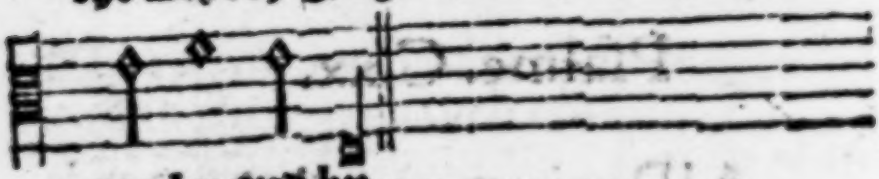
When troubles dyd, me sore oppresse



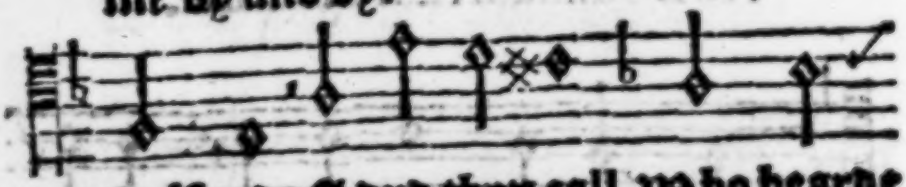
And my soule was heauye: Upon



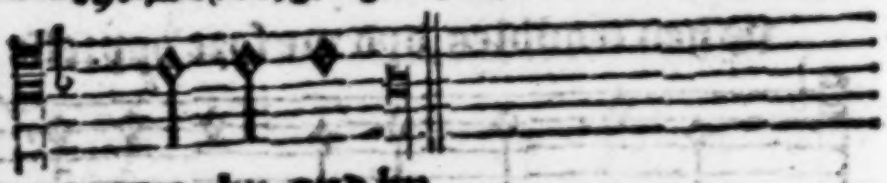
the Lorde, I dyd then cal who heardc



me by and by.



the Lorde, I dyd then call who heardc

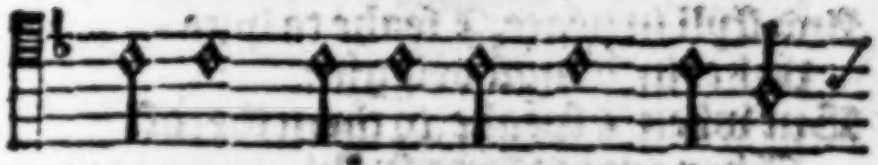


me by and by.

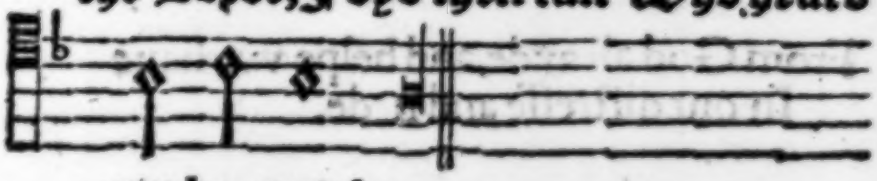
To whom I spake, and sayde O Lorde,
Kyd and delyuer me:
From lyinge lyps, that speake disceayte
And worke all vanitye.

O thou false tonge, thy due rewarde
Shalt thou haue for thyne hyre:
Euen pereynge strokes, of Arows kean
With hote consumynge fyre.

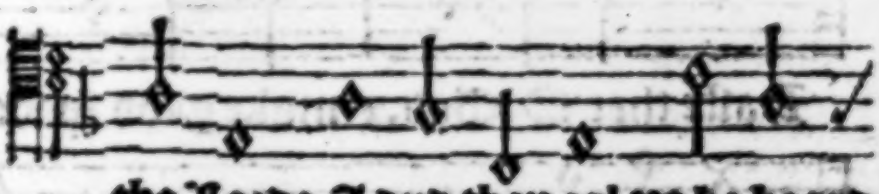
In Metre.



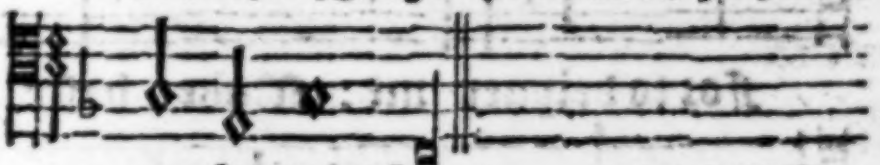
the Lorde, I dyd then call Who heard



me by and by.



the Lorde, I dyd then cal Who heard



me by and by.

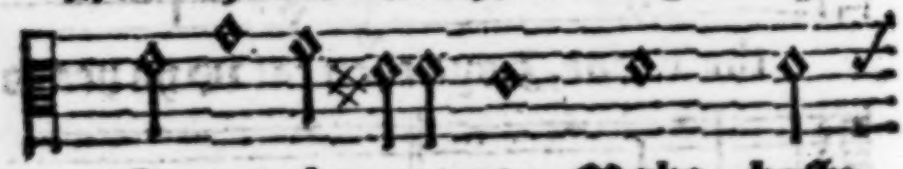
And wo is me, that am constraynd
With Mesech for to byde:
And in the tentes, of Cedar eke
To dwell all my lyke tyde.

My soule longe tyme, in troubels byd
That I coulde not release:
Euen amongst such, as loue debate
And are enmies to peace.

And ſtyll in peace, I ſeake to lyue
wherin I moſt delyght:
But when I ſpeake, to them therof
They are ready to fyght.

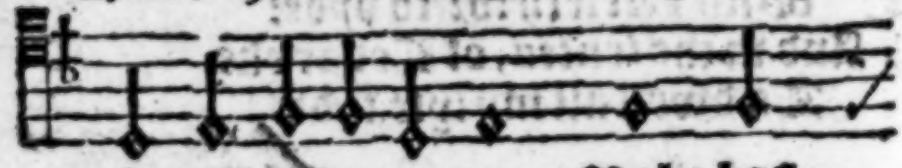
From God all ayde, and helpe vve haue
In our diſtreſſe and nede.

Haſte thee O God, & make good ſpede



For to delyuer me: Make haſte

Haſte thee O God, & make good ſpede



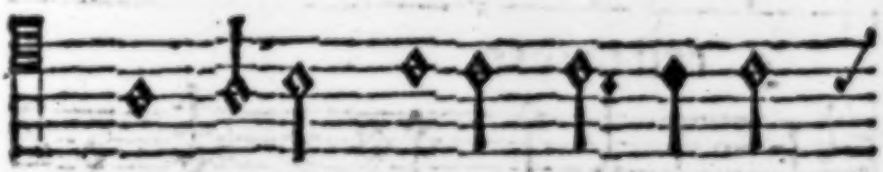
For to delyuer me: Make haſte

In Metre.

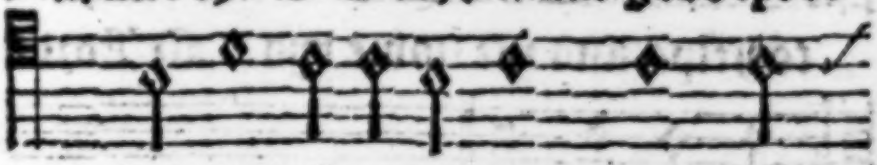
VVhich vve must aske, aud of hym craue
Not doubtynge for to spede.

Psalme. LXX.

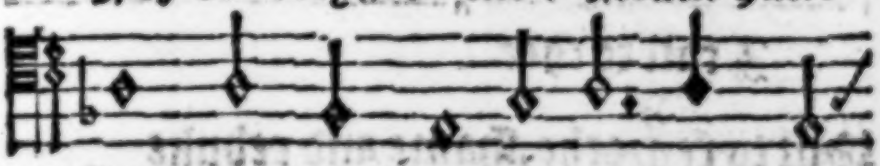
Deus in adiutorium.



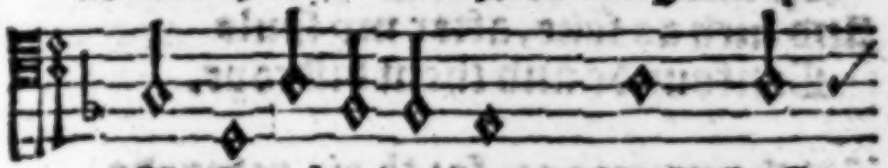
Haste the O God, & make good spede



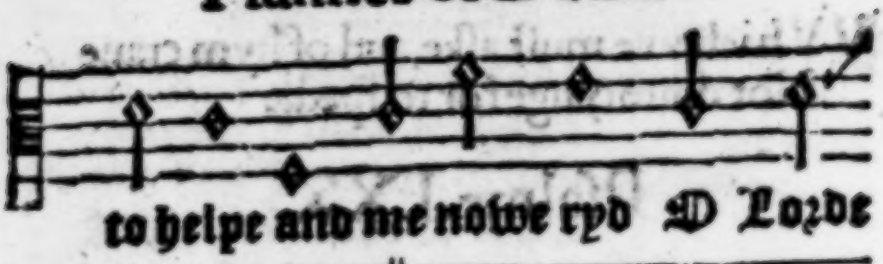
For to delyuer me: Make haste



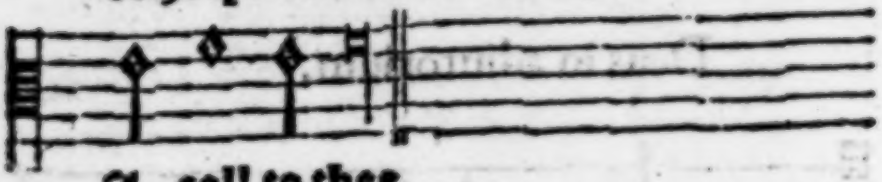
Haste thee O God, & make good spede



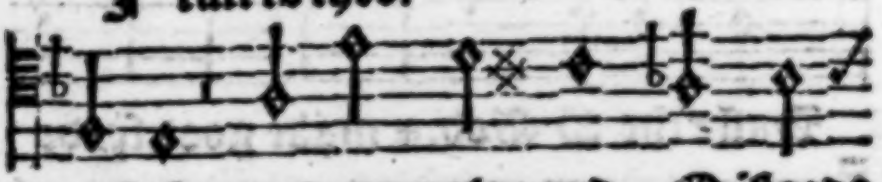
For to delyuer me: Make haste



to helpe and me nowe ryd O Lorde



I call to thee.



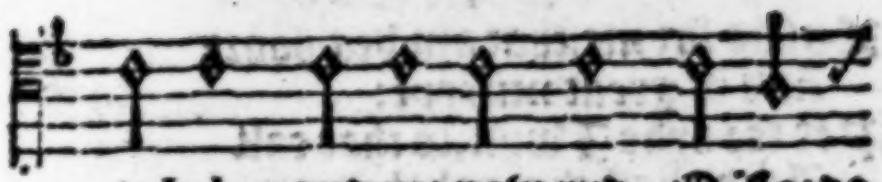
to helpe, and me nowe ryd O Lorde

I call to thee.

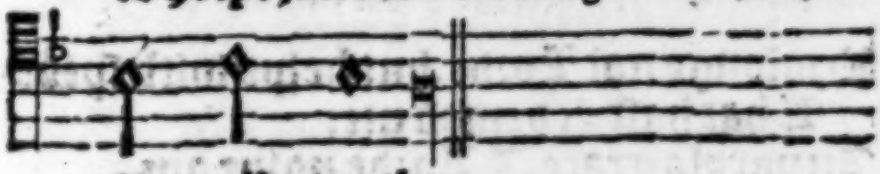
Put to reproche, shame and rebuke
All that me bere and noye:
And such as seke, after my soule
Confounde and them distroye.

Let them receaue, for their rewarde
Shame that to them is due:
With open mouth, they folowe me
And cryinge me pursue.

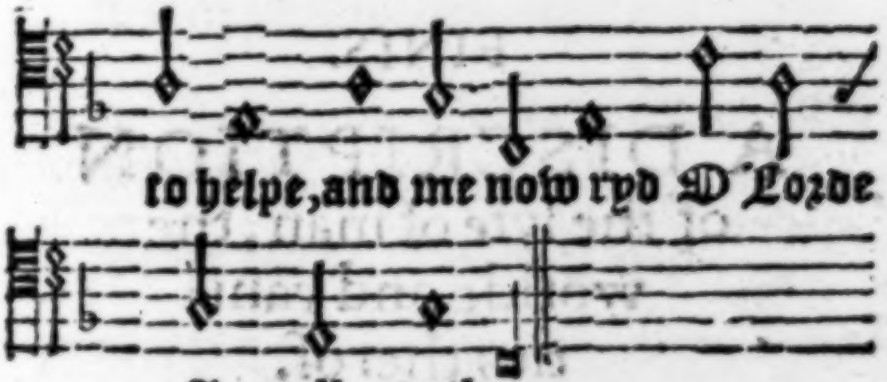
And



to helpe, and me now ryd O Lorde



I call to thee.



to helpe, and me now ryd O Lorde

I call to thee.

And suche as vnto, me wysche euyll
Let them be put to ryght:
That seake the way, me to betraye
With death confounde them quite.

But let all suche, as thee shall seke
Reioyce in thee alwayes:
That in thy sauynge, health delyghts
Sayinge to thee be prayse.

But as for me, that am but poore
And in great miserye:
Yet for ayde I wyll, to thee call
Lorde hast thee to helpe me.

Prolonge not Lorde, but helpe with spede
That hast redemed me:
In paryls grate, I Lorde nowe am
Unlesse I helped be.

FINIS.

A DISCRIPTION of the lyfe of man, the worlde, and vanities therof.

WHo on earth iustlye, can reioyce
What wyght y beareth breath:
Which discended, of Adams lyne
And subiect is to death.

Who woulde, thys wicked worlde esteme
Or ought therin I saye:
Sence that we see, all things are vayne
And dayly doe decaye.

The

Of Mans lyfe.

The man the beast, the fishe and foule
A tyme here growe and crease:
Tyll death with dent, and dart shal come
Of lyfe them all release.

What shal we count, the lyfe of man
But care and miserye:
Some tyme in wele, some tyme in wo
And aye dreadeth to die.

Thys vayne and wretched, lyfe to leaue
Why are we then so loth:
But that we dout, and deme our dedes
Prouoked haue Gods wroth.

Thus lyuynge, alwaye dred we death
And dyinge lyfe we dout:
In doutfull state, we stande both wayes
Tyll course of lyfe be out.

If Fortune shal, vs so fauoure
To set vs in hygh state:
Why then we dred, and feare the fall
And styll we blame our fate.

If rytches do, with vs increase
Therof we feare the losse:
If pouertye, shall vs assayll
Agayne care doth vs tosse.

Thus

Thus are we compast, in with care
Thus tossed to and fro:
As men here voyde, of restyng place
Replete with payne and wo.

Thus maye we se, what thys worlde is
Hys glorye and hys pryde:
Nothynge at all, but dreadeth fall
For longe it can not byde.

What thynge so sure, that maye indure
That tyme can it not chaunge:
What is so fayre, but tyme maye payre
And make it seme as straunge.

Behoulde thy selfe, here in thys glasse
Thy shape and fashon iuste:
From whence thou camst, whether thou (shalt
And howe thou art but duste.

A tyme to lyue, God doth thee gyue
And after for thee call:
Whiche tyme so lent, beynge well spent
The heauens inioye ye shall.

This worldly pompe, this vayne pleasure
It lasteth but a space:
Our eyes to fyll, a tyme it wyll.
And then we must geue place.

Our chyldren shall, vs then succede
Our place for to supplye:
Tyll death dissolue, and then bereue
The lyfe from their bodye.

Thus doth the worlde, both eb and flowe
As commonly doth the tyde:
Rowe vp now downe, now to now fro
For all hys pompe and pryde.

Behoulde, our forefathers are gone:
They place to vs dyd gyue:
The tyme was come, that Nature set
They coulde no lenger lyue.

Death hath them all, of lyfe bereft
Whose fame in bokes are founde:
To oure rebuke, that lyue thys daye
In synne we so abounde.

Let vs so lyue, then well to dye
And dye to lyue agayne:
So shal we chaunge, but Maturs course
And Gods kyngdome attayne.

Thys tyme I can, but much lament
In whych synne so doth rayne:
No trust no truth, in age nor youth
Ech man seaks hys owne gayne.

Men nowe to get, their myndes set
Not caryng howe it cums:
By hooke or crooke, they do not looke
So they maye gather sums.

But man I saye, thynke on the days
That thou must all forsake:
When dredfull death, shal stop thy breath
And thy lyfe from thee take.

If gredy men, woulde suffre then
Thys to synke in their brest:
They woulde not moyle, and for that toyle
That shoulde brede their vnrest.

For their chyldren, their answere is
They landes and goods do git:
And yet often, it is here sene
That they inioye not it.

By Fortune it, maye so betyde
The goods got by their lyfe:
Within short space, to be consumd
Or els be cause of stryfe.

Mayne is thys muck, that here they seake
Though happy we them call:
That it inioye, and haue at wyll
For leaue it here they shall.

With

Of Mans lyfe.

With dolefull heart, I do bewayle
With teares I it expresse:
To see that in, the worlde doth rayne
Such gyle and gredinesse.

We beate our brayns, we wast our wits
And all for to attayne:
The thynge I saye, that shall decaye
And is in dede most bayne.

Why do not we, seake to attayne
Gods kyngdome and glorye:
But it refuse, and rather chuse
Thys lyfe transitorye.

Whiche doth not last, but as a blast
A lytle space and whyle:
Who so doth trust, thys worlde vnjust
It wyll hym sure begyle.

But man I saye, seke for the waye
That bryngeth wyll thee to blys:
On earth certayne, all thyngs are bayne
And what in thys worlde is.

Nothynge on earth that certayne is
Gods worde except onlye:
Whereof one iot, perish shall not
But dure eternallye.

The

A discription

The tyme and yeares, it is but shorte
That we on earth abyde:
As though we shoulde, here euer dwell
For all thyngs we prouyde.

O happye is, the man I saye
That doth thys worlde dispyse:
All thyngs shal vanishe, quite awaye
That is afore hys eyes.

And those that in, the Lorde do dye
Their state I iudge for best:
From payne by death, they pas to ioye
And eke from care to rest.

Soli Deo, honor et gloria.

Finis ⁊ F. S.

Cum priuilegio ad imprimendum solum.

1553.